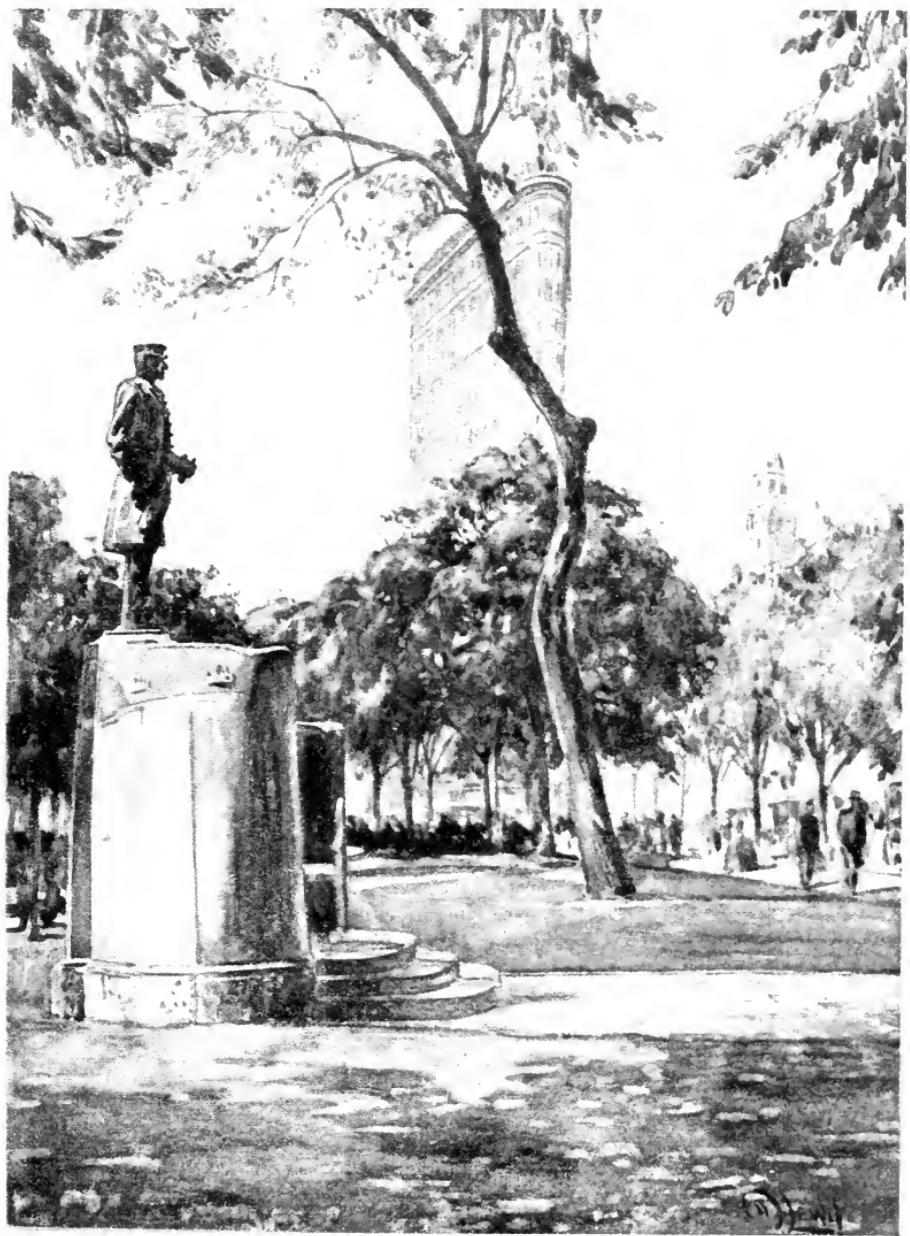
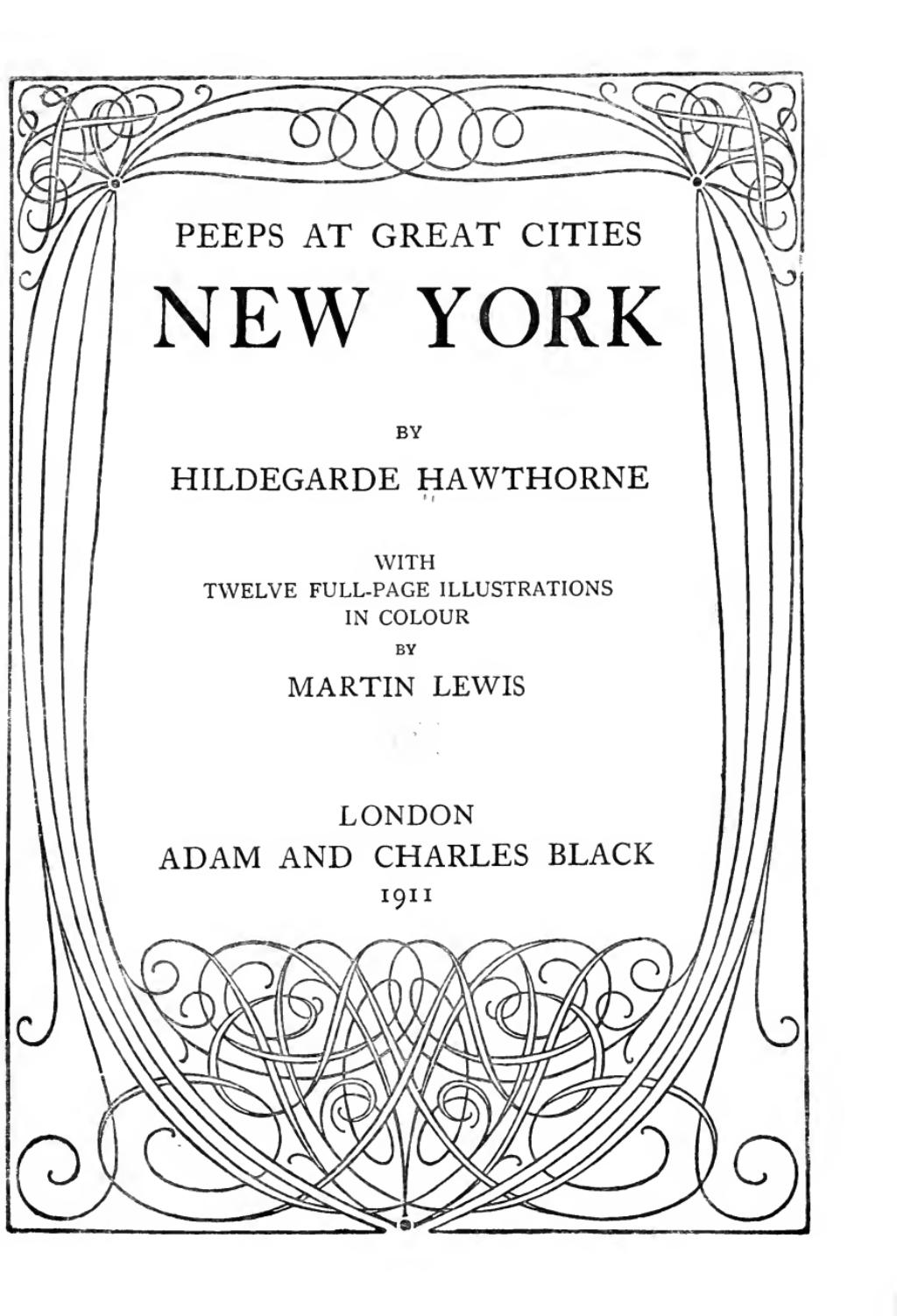




PEEPS AT
GREAT CITIES

NEW YORK





PEEPS AT GREAT CITIES
NEW YORK

BY
HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

WITH
TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOUR

BY
MARTIN LEWIS

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1911

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BY MARTIN LEWIS

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*Bird's-eye view of the City of New York and Greater
New York, inside front cover*

NEW YORK

METROPOLIS OF AMERICA

CHAPTER I

THE SPIRIT OF THE CITY

PERHAPS it seems odd to say that a city is like a person, but it is true. For every city has a character, a quality of its own, and just as a man is not only his body and face, but something besides that shows itself in his way of doing things, of thinking and feeling, and in the way he affects other people, so, too, a city is not only a collection of streets, squares, houses, and other buildings, but a thing with a spirit of its own. And when you think of a city that you know very well, it is this spirit that comes to you ; and you find that you can love or hate a city, much as you can someone you are acquainted with. It seems to you a friend or an enemy—gay and beautiful, sad and ugly ; full of interest and life, or tiresome and cruel ; but always as something alive and real.

This is because a city is not only the brick and mortar of which it is built, but also the sum of all its citizens ; for they have not only built what we may

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call its body with their hands, but its soul with their minds—that is, with their way of making and enforcing its laws, of enjoying themselves and getting along with each other as they go about their daily and nightly business, of showing their good or bad taste, and generally in the life they lead.

New York, with other cities, has a spirit of its own. You notice it very soon after getting there; but, of course, like everything else, it takes time to understand this personal side of the place, this individuality. And yet this side is by far the more interesting, and is truly New York.

New York is gay, but not with the gaiety of Paris or Vienna, or of the Southern cities. It is a hard, busy gaiety, without the polished grace of the French capital or the childlike charm of Naples. New York's gaiety is more that of a hard-worked and anxious man, who throws off his business cares and troubles for a little while, and goes in for what he calls "a good time." The English are said to take even their pleasures seriously; and though New Yorkers don't do just that, they do take them in a hurried, restless fashion, and are too often rather rough than merry, as in the New Year and election merry-makings, that, though kindly enough, are more given to horseplay than real fun.

New York lives largely in restaurants and theatres, dashes about in taxis and motors, crowds into the opera, goes to teas and dances, floats up and down Fifth Avenue in the afternoon and Broadway at night, blazes with electricity and resounds with noise. It

The Spirit of the City

loves dash and brilliance, but above all it loves hurry. It will suffer almost any inconvenience except slowness. The restaurant that serves its meals in the shortest order, provided it is also gorgeous and has an orchestra, will be the best patronized ; for New York eats to music quite as much as it dances to it. The tall buildings must have express elevators or lifts, as well as the locals that stop at every floor. A citizen will change from a comfortably-filled subway local train into an express that is crammed to the doors in order to save five minutes, and will leap on or off a moving car rather than wait for it to stop, no matter what the risk of broken limbs.

New York is nervous and frets at delays, and is so very much alive that it does not take time to live. It is restless, and is constantly changing things : tearing up streets in order to relay them with a different material ; tearing them up again to put in a new conduit, a new cable, a subway. It puts up a ten or twelve story building of stone and iron one year, and pulls it down the next to build another twice as high. Everything is on trial, nothing is finished, and a return after only a six-months absence will amaze you with old landmarks gone and new ones evident.

New York's climate has something to do with this restlessness of mind and body ; for though it is most of the year radiantly clear and sparkling, it is subject to great extremes of heat and cold, the thermometer occasionally rising above 100° F. in summer, and falling below zero in winter. Wild storms blow in from the Atlantic, thick with snow or fog, and western

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blizzards sweep suddenly down, while quick changes are common. A warm, drizzly day of silver mist and shining pavements will be followed by an intense cold snap, or into the frozen weeks of January a day or two of May will drop, starting the buds on the park trees, and the birds to singing, and making the steam-heated apartments intolerably hot.

But New York weather is often adorable : spring days, when the air is as soft and tender as any that blew in fabled Arcady, and fragrant with a smell of the sea, when every block of the Avenue is gay with flower-sellers, and the tall buildings gleam and sparkle in the sun ; winter days, when the softly falling snow swathes the city in its beautiful veil, and she looks like a dreaming queen in white and silver ; summer days, when a jolly sea-wind blows in from the ocean, and big white clouds race over the intense blue sky ; and autumn weeks as golden and as wholesome as a russet apple, with a frosty snap in the air and hoar-frost on the park lawns in the mornings.

If there are other times when the half-frozen slush lies ankle-deep in the gutters, and the fierce winds shriek down the narrow streets, that are like mountain canyons between the sky-scrappers, whose lofty walls disappear into the murky sky—winds that blow people down, that overset carts and horses, smash plate-glass windows and tear off signs—New York takes these wild times rather calmly ; even though the surface cars are blocked by snow, the ferries are caught in the ice of the rivers and harbour, and the elevated trains struggle helplessly, sometimes colliding in the darkness of the

The Spirit of the City

storm. For it is a picturesque sight, the city in such a state. Huge snow-ploughs are plunging heavily through drifts waist-high ; sleighs fly by with a jingle of bells ; a crowd collects around the struggling form of a fallen horse ; coal-waggons, drawn by four and even six horses, flounder through a side-street ; and the fury of the elements sends your blood singing through your veins, if you are young and strong.

There are days that are harder to endure, however, when the heat lies like a pestilence on the town, and the streets blaze under the relentless sun. In the tenement quarters the children lie gasping on the fire-escapes, and the parks are full of people seeking the slight relief of green leaves and parched grass. In the business sections the men crawl along heavily, their coats hanging from their shoulders, their hats in their hands, and handkerchiefs stuffed into their collars. Wherever possible, they hug the narrow shade of noontide, even walking down the centre of the street where the elevated railroad throws a shadow. If there is a wind, it is like a sirocco, scorching hot, or else soggy with the humidity of the sea.

On such days men fall at their work, and the ambulance constantly clangs through the streets. Electric fans whirl the hot air in offices and shops and restaurants, and the open cars are crowded with passengers, who often ride back and forth for the sake of the swift motion and its momentary coolness. Fortunately, such days are rare ; but they come, two or three at a time, and the city suffers terribly.

These violent extremes and sudden changes are

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reflected in the city's character. New York has a feverish touch. It may be energetically engaged one day in doing something it will just as energetically destroy the next. It is made up of opposites: gay but grim, impatient and yet long-suffering, capable of being extraordinarily generous and kind, but also bad-mannered and inconsiderate to a degree. It engages in new and splendid undertakings, hesitating at no amount of trouble, and, on the other hand, it allows expensive works to fall into disrepair for lack of a little money and care. New York takes a passionate interest in political arguments as they are retailed in its papers, and throngs the streets in real carnival fashion to watch the returns of an election; yet it often neglects to go to the polls to vote on some measure very important to its health and civic prosperity. Full of contradictions, impulsive and careless, it nevertheless has something big and fine about it, like a man whose courage stops at nothing, and that enables it to re-engage in a fight in which it has just been worsted, sure of victory in the end; or to tear down something on which it has spent much effort, if a better thing comes along.

New York is cheerful and has a strong sense of humour, which, if it is tainted with vulgarity, is none the less a healthy humour. New York appears to delight in glaring accounts of its wrongdoings, and it laughs heartily at its own foolishness; but it has a deep-seated pride in its greatness, as well as a strong determination to improve upon its shortcomings.

It is developing a feeling for beauty and a sense of harmony, but in a new way—a way it takes time

The Spirit of the City

to see and understand. It is already a beautiful city, but to many people this beauty is hidden—either because they are accustomed to looking for beauty in a different form, or because they have not learned to think of New York as anything but a place where work is to be done and life lived without thought of much else except that work. But the city is always alive, breathing, growing, changing day by day, yet remaining itself. It irritates you with its constant noise and rush, but it exhilarates you too. Possibly it is a bit hard and callous, but it is also hard-working, cheery, and brave. There is no “let-up” about it, but there is a deal of go-as-you-please, and it won’t interfere with you or stare at you, however queerly you dress or act, so long as you don’t clog its streets or get in its way.

It has moments of rare loveliness, that seem given to you alone, and it has acres of mean ugliness. But it is always human, and with its colour and glitter it bewitches you into thinking that it is really happy. And once you begin to like it, you are its captive ; for its huge, moving, changing, impetuous spirit casts an increasing fascination over you ; you grow to need it ; you cannot forget it ; and if you leave it, you never cease to long to return.

It is, moreover, exceedingly cosmopolitan. Half the nations of the world are represented in its population of over four millions. They have their quarters, where they reproduce to a certain extent the methods of life in the lands they came from. They have their own newspapers, cafés, shops, and theatres, even their

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special laws. The Chinese quarter is second only to that in San Francisco, and is very picturesque. The Italians are numerous, as are the Poles and Russians, and have their festas and saints' days, their own priests and churches. There are many Turks and Greeks, and the Jewish population is immense. Altogether, one sometimes fancies that the real American in New York is as hard to find as hen's teeth, and in some parts of the city you can go for days without hearing a word of English or seeing an English sign. But of course this is not truly the case, for, in spite of its enormous foreign population, New York is thoroughly American.

CHAPTER II

NEW AMSTERDAM

NEW YORK, judged by such standards as obtain in Europe or England, is not very old; but it is one of the first American cities, although it began under another name and nationality. As you all know, Henry Hudson, an Englishman sailing in the Dutch service, discovered the harbour, and then sailed up the great river that has since borne his name. Following this discovery, the Dutch took possession of the land bordering upon the waters, and founded, on the southern end of Manhattan Island, the town of New Amsterdam. For many years New York was a Dutch city, with Governors sent over at first from the mother-



New Amsterdam

country, and later elected by the people. Traces of this early occupancy are still to be found in the names of avenues and squares and hotels, and several New York families trace descent from the stout Hollanders.

New Amsterdam was a very picturesque and sleepy place, and its citizens lived in a most comfortable state. The trade with the Indians was profitable and the burghers were thrifty folk. The scenery about the bay and up the river was superb, as it is to-day. On the western bank of the Hudson, now the state of New Jersey, the *Palisades*, which are great cliffs, so-called because they truly resemble mighty walls of rock, lifted their precipitous sides 300 feet into the air, and between them and the beautifully wooded slopes of Manhattan the river, one of the most stately in the world, flowed majestically into the wide blue reaches of the bay. Opposite the town lay Staten Island, then covered with forests, and to the east Long Island stretched its 100 miles of verdure and white sand beaches. Far to the north the Catskill Mountains climbed to the clouds, and little settlements spread all the way up the river to their feet. Quaint legends were told of these wild mountains, the most familiar to us nowadays being the one of Rip Van Winkle and his twenty-year sleep.

New Amsterdam was laid out in a haphazard sort of way, partly because it was the easiest method, and partly because various brooks, ponds and hills, now gone from the map, had to be considered. This confusion is still noticeable in the down-town region,

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where the big business houses and the financial part of New York have their abiding-place. The streets are still narrow and twisted, and to-day, running between the great sky-scrappers, they seem like mountain gorges. In New Amsterdam they were green lanes and shaded roads, fronted by low gable-roofed homes standing in pretty gardens, and having high stoops where Mynheer sat of a summer evening and exchanged gossip with the passers-by. Indoors his frugal housewife and neat daughters prepared the excellent supper, or lingered over loom and spinning-wheel. There was no waste in the Dutch days, but there was no poverty either. With room and work for all, plenty of good tobacco and Hollands gin, and news from the old country once a month or so when the trading ships put in, life was a quiet and pleasant affair.

The people were content, and the Governors ruled them kindly enough, though some of these Governors were peppery fellows, who must have things their own way. Old Peter Stuyvesant, with his wooden leg and very hot temper, has been immortalized in Washington Irving's "*Knickerbocker's History of New York*," a most amusing book, and this old gentleman was quite royal in the state he kept.

But as a rule living was of the simplest, the simplicity of comfort, thrift and good sense, not of miserliness or lack of necessities. Many a funny story is told of those days, and old prints survive that show just how the little town looked, and how its sturdy inhabitants clothed themselves—the men in baggy knee-breeches, full-skirted coats and fine waistcoats,

New Amsterdam

with wide-brimmed hats, and the women in bodices, with folded kerchiefs, many petticoats, and pretty caps. Everything was clean as Dutch energy and elbow-grease could make it, the very flowers in the front yards having a scrubbed appearance that was in harmony with the shining copper pots in the kitchens, and the fresh-faced, prim little boys and maids who went to school in the morning, dressed like small editions of their fathers and mothers.

In the year 1674 England finally ousted Holland from the New World, and New Amsterdam became New York, beginning the second stage of its progress towards becoming what it is now—the most important city of the Western Hemisphere, containing a greater area than any other in the world, and exceeded in population by London alone.

New York flourished under the English rule; its trading and shipping grew by bounds, and its social life took on a more formal and sumptuous character. The English Governors held high state, maintaining a real little Court. Fine estates were established along the Hudson and Harlem Rivers, and in due course a stage line was set up between Boston and New York, along what is called to this day the Boston Post Road. Nowadays this road is the favourite route with automobiles, and runs through the most thickly settled parts of New England—a pleasant highway. Then it was a perilous wilderness trail, and many an adventure might befall the traveller between the two most important towns of the northern settlements. It took a week and more to make the trip, and inns were few and bad.

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Though the Indians were, on the whole, friendly, accidents happened, and many a life was lost.

Next came the Revolution, when the Colonies declared themselves free of English rule, and went to war with the Mother-Country, and New York played an important part in that long struggle. Finally, in 1783, the British evacuated the city, and the American general, George Washington, marched in on their heels. There is a story to the effect that the red-coats, as they were called by the Yankee troops, had nailed their colours to the top of the tall Liberty Pole that stood in City Hall Park, and had then greased the pole to prevent the Americans from running up their own flag. But a New York soldier called David Van Arsdale managed to climb up and raise the Revolutionary colours, the Stars and Stripes. From that day to this, on Evacuation Day, November 15, at dawn, some descendant of this soldier's has hoisted the national colours on the Battery Pole.

Very few traces of the English possession remain. The names they had given to the streets were changed; the leaden statue of King George was pulled down and turned into bullets; and the city entered upon its third phase. In a small section of the city, still known as Greenwich Village, lying west of Sixth Avenue and south of Thirteenth Street, a tangle of criss-cross streets still retain some of the old names, and curious old wooden houses, tiny shops, and decayed hostellries survive there, side by side with the new growth. But for the rest, the city took up the idea of numbering instead of naming the streets, a custom that has become

New Amsterdam

prevalent in most American cities. It has the advantage of convenience, and is particularly suited to the conformation of Manhattan, at least.

The birth of New York, then, as we know it, had finally been accomplished, and nothing remained henceforth except for it to grow and develop. This New York has continued to do, until it has not only spread over the whole of Manhattan Island, but northward across the Harlem as far as Yonkers, eastward for miles on Long Island, and southward to include Staten Island.

Gone, indeed, is the leisurely old Knickerbocker atmosphere—the Dutch simplicity and strictness. Gone, too, the pomp and dignity of the British rule, the Governors in gold lace, the stately ways of colonial times. Gone the pretty wooden houses, the bowery lanes and gardens, the boating-parties along the Harlem and up the Bronx. Vanished with the mighty forests that topped the *Palisades* across the Hudson River or spread impenetrably northward; with the Indians and the red-coats, and the strange wooden ships in the harbour. New Amsterdam went to bed soon after sunset and woke at cock-crow. Its quiet and contented folk clumped about in wooden shoon or in pumps with large silver buckles, moving slowly, all unhurried. They milked their cows in their little yards, and grazed them in Battery Park, and when the day's work was done the young men pitched quoits and played bowls in Bowling Green. New Amsterdam was a pretty and picturesque town, and apparently a happy and prosperous one. But it has disappeared as completely as the

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nameless Indian village it replaced, and the New York of to-day has forgotten its existence, the few Dutch names that have survived having for the bulk of the population no historical meaning whatsoever. New York has not been as careful of its traditions as Boston of hers, and it is only lately that any attempt to save old landmarks has been made. The old town, having stood in the most valuable part of the island, has been buried deep under the giant buildings that have sprung up there, and in the haste and fury of modern life sentiment has had little chance.

CHAPTER III

REACHING NEW YORK

HUDSON arrived at the site of what is now New York in a queer high-pooped vessel called the *Half-Moon*, a replica of which was made for the Hudson-Fulton celebration of 1909, and sent over from Holland. Very odd indeed it looked sailing up between the mighty row of battleships from all over the world that stretched for a couple of miles up the Hudson, and as one gazed at it, the enterprise and courage of the men who voyaged so far in such frail craft struck the mind forcibly. For many a year after Hudson's day the sea was the only route to the spot that is now the centre of the greatest railroad system on earth. New York is still the chief port of the western world, however, and most of the travellers from foreign lands arrive by way

Reaching New York

of the ocean. But its two immense stations, the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, bring the traffic of the continent straight into the heart of the city, the trains running underground, and, in the case of the Pennsylvania lines, under water by electric traction —a wonderful feat of engineering that is only now in process of completion.

But the finest entrance is still by way of the sea, with the superb approach down the bay through the narrows, past Quarantine, where the health officers board incoming vessels to make sure that no one ill of an incurable or contagious disease shall be admitted, and Ellis Island, where the immigrants are landed. This route also passes Bedloe's Island, the small bit of ground on which stands the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," by Bartholdi, a gift to the Republic of America from the Republic of France. This imposing Liberty is the largest statue in the world, and it is a splendid sight, lifting its torch 305 feet into the air, robed in classic draperies, a calm and gracious figure. It is visible for miles, not only from the sea, but from the encircling shores of New York and New Jersey.

After passing Ellis Island, the steamer enters the most crowded part of the harbour. To the east the great bridges connecting the borough of Brooklyn on Long Island with that of Manhattan toss their graceful arches across the arm of the sea known as East River. Ferries to Staten Island, Governor's Island, the military post, headquarters of the Military Department of the Atlantic, and to New Jersey and Brooklyn, are plying

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in all directions, their decks jammed with people. Tug-boats, trading and fishing schooners, heavy oystermen, brigs and barques with snowy sails, slim steam-yachts, coastwise steamers, and nameless little craft of every description, together with other ocean steamers, plough back and forth through the dancing waters, their brass and steel glinting in the sunlight.

Before you lies the crowded down-town section, with its miraculous sky-scrapers towering hundreds of feet into the blue sky, airy banners of snowy steam floating from their tops, and, at the water's edge, the green patch of Battery Park, with the throngs of hurrying humanity streaming along the side-walks.

Majestically your own ship shoulders its way along, assisted by the busy little tugs with high-sounding names and the most ear-piercing of whistles. Everywhere is light, life, and motion, the intense activity that is characteristic of the city, and which strikes the new-comer into bewilderment until he gets used to the seeming confusion of it all, and finds that somehow the madness resolves itself into method.

The wharves of New York and Hoboken, where many of the liners land, are ugly, dark, and congested. Down their chilly length, after the dreaded Customs inspection, taxis and cabs whirl the traveller to the hotels up-town, making their difficult way through the narrow streets of the business section to the freer spaces and wider avenues of the residence and amusement quarter. If the day is a typical New York day, the first impression, beyond that given by the tall buildings, is the clear radiance of the atmosphere.



Reaching New York

But there are other ways of getting to New York besides the railways and the ocean. Regular steamship lines run up and down the Hudson River as far as Albany, 120 miles away, connecting there with trains to Canada and the West. The trip down the river is a fine one, the scenery being more beautiful than that of the famous Rhine, although the added interest of ancient castles and poetic legend is lacking. There are both day and night lines, the boats that go by night carrying search-lights, which are thrown on the shores with an eerie effect as the steamer ploughs on her way.

A great system of trolley-cars, as the overhead electric trams are called in America, binds the city closely to all the outlying districts, connecting with the elevated and subway roads at the city limits. Immense crowds use these trolleys every morning and evening, coming in from the suburbs to their work-places and offices. The cars run practically all day and night at short intervals. At the various towns they connect with other lines, and this system extends as far as Boston, to the north, and will soon cover Long Island, as it already has New Jersey, where you may reach Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, by the trolley. Naturally the trip to these distant cities, counting the waits and missed connections, takes a long while ; but it is often followed by persons for the fun of it, and because of the charming country scenery through which the cars run. A very delightful week can be spent going to Boston, with stops in the many inns along the route and sight-seeing excursions by the way. Boston is

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about 200 miles from New York as the crow flies, but of course the trolley route is at least double that distance. It leads through many an elm-shaded town and country village, past lakes and the shores of the Sound, and over rivers, and through the fertile valleys and green woods of three States. Much of it is along the old Boston Post Road, of which I have already spoken.

So, you see, there are several ways of coming to New York, and all have advantages. The railroad way is easiest, but since the trains dive below the surface before actually getting into the city, you lose the approach.

To be sure, it is rather delightful to find oneself, right after the run through the electric-lighted tunnel, in the very middle of the city. A few moments before you were in the dingy precincts of the last stopping-place in New Jersey, Harrison, or staring through the window at the untidy confusion to be seen from the bridge across the Harlem, if you are coming from the North. And presto! here you are on Thirty-Fourth or Forty-Second Street, with the mighty city reaching for miles around. It seems like magic, as though you might have got hold of Aladdin's wonderful lamp and made a wish that had suddenly been fulfilled.

At any rate, entering by whichever way you choose, we are now well within the New York of to-day, and the best thing to do is to get about the business of seeing it as soon as possible. And since I have given you a glimpse of the wharves, the next thing to look at will be the two big stations, one of which has only just been completed, while the other is still building.

Two Great Stations

CHAPTER IV

TWO GREAT STATIONS

RAILWAY-STATIONS are good places in which to study the life of a city, for, though they are chiefly built to get away from, and though everybody who comes to them is hurrying somewhere else, and usually lives in another place, they yet have peculiar characteristics belonging to their special environment, ways of meeting particular conditions and fulfilling various demands.

Most people like stations, with their exciting suggestions of travel and their stir and bustle, even though they are too often ugly, smoky places, chilly and dark, and so noisy that one can't hear oneself think.

But the two great new stations in New York, of which the Pennsylvania is just completed, while much still remains to be accomplished on the Central, are like palaces, and no pains have been spared to make them as beautiful as they are spacious and convenient. The most modern ideas have been followed in their construction, and time- and trouble-saving devices are multiplied within them.

The Pennsylvania Station is the largest building in the world devoted solely to railway traffic. The building itself covers close upon eight acres of land, while the underground station and yards occupy twenty-eight acres. It stands between Thirty-First and Thirty-Third Streets and Seventh and Eighth Avenues, only a block from Broadway and the crowded shopping,

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theatre, and hotel district of that part of town. It is connected with New Jersey and the West by immense steel tubes running under the Hudson River, the incoming trains being attached to electric engines at Harrison, five miles from the banks of the Hudson, in New Jersey, and proceeding thence under the river and the city to the station, and then on again, across the entire town, under the broad East River and into Long Island. The tubes and tunnels are the last word in modern engineering, and it is hard to believe, as you look at the two rivers from the deck of a boat, that the trains are thundering along underneath them, as they have whirled under the city itself.

As for the building, it is one of the finest in the city, or in the country, for that matter. It is classic in form, the Seventh Avenue façade being adorned with a double row of immense granite columns in the Doric style, with pediments above, and there are colonnades on the Eighth Avenue side, and columned entrances on the north and south. The cool grey granite of the entire building is grateful to the eye, and the noble proportions full of a calm dignity.

In the centre of the Seventh Avenue frontage is the huge entrance for foot-passengers, which leads into an arcade bordered by shops selling articles calculated especially to meet the requirements of the travelling public—sweets, fruits, books and magazines, flowers, drugs and what not. This arcade is wide, with pilastered arches and a domed roof, and at its farther end are lunch- and dining-rooms reached through a big loggia, from which steps lead down into

Two Great Stations

the vast general waiting-room. This great hall has a beautifully vaulted roof, 150 feet high, supported on splendid Corinthian columns, forming arches that frame windows in the upper part, beneath which the wall-spaces are decorated with paintings by Jules Guérin representing sections of the earth's surface. In this room are the ticket-offices, the baggage-checking windows, telegraph and telephone service, and from it open the special waiting-rooms for men and women, with withdrawing, writing, and smoking rooms, charmingly and cosily treated, having comfortable lounges and little tables and harmonious colour-schemes that rest the tired traveller. There is an emergency hospital, also, with first aid to the injured and a doctor always available ; there are automatic telephone booths, a news-stand and an information bureau. And if you can think of anything that is not there, it's more than the New Yorker has yet managed to do.

From this immense room a wide thoroughfare, reached through many doors, leads to the concourse, below which is the level where the trains stand. Stairways lead to these lower platforms, the passengers passing through gates that are plainly marked with the time of leaving and the destination of each train. In addition to the stairs, there are escalators, or moving stairways and lifts, to expedite the traveller on his way, and special entrances for cabs and taxis. The interior of the station is finished in stone and cement of a mellow creamy tone, and it is heated and ventilated to perfection. Of course, as the trains are run by electricity, there is no smoke to be considered.

New York

The simplicity, effectiveness, and beauty of this superb station make it a delight to enter. However crowded it is, it remains spacious, quiet, composed. It is the gateway to a continent—immense, secure, built of the most enduring materials, capable of handling thousands without confusion. Through subways, already built or soon to be constructed, it connects with every portion of the city, draws the suburban traffic from Long Island and New Jersey, and by its great trunk system reaches to every part of the South and West, as far as Texas and Mexico, California and Alaska, and across the Northern boundaries into Canada.

To sit and watch the crowds that pass through it is to see persons from all over the world, who meet and mingle here for a brief instant, and then scatter in every direction. In one corner, perhaps, there is a group of Italians just arrived from the Old World, huddled together like sheep, with tickets pinned to them. The women wear bright shawls over their heads and lead black-eyed children by the hand. The men have their legs wrapped in cloths, and look out under shaggy hair upon the unfamiliar scene, occasionally bursting into excited talk and gesticulation. Near-by two Chinamen, in their Oriental costume, their pigtails coiled up under their funny round hats, are buying tickets at a window, speaking pidgin-English to the imperturbable clerk. Commuters, as the residents of the nearer towns and villages are called, who use the roads daily and get a reduced fare or commutation-ticket in consequence, pour in a steady

Two Great Stations

stream through the arched entrances, and rush wildly for their trains, disappearing down the various stairs, or stopping for an instant at the news-stand for the latest edition of the evening papers, with their flaming headlines in red ink. Country-folk, in dowdy or over-smart clothes, come in rather hesitantly, looking about them in a dazed way or crowding to the information booth. School-children enter in groups, laughing and larking, and usually chewing gum. Frantic men and women hunt for a lost friend.

At every other minute men in uniform call out departing trains in sonorous voices, with the stops to be made : "Five-thir-ry express for Pittsburgh and the West—Philadelphia the first stop—on track number six—all abo-a-a-ard." Or "Long Island local on track seventeen—all stops—all abo-a-a-ard." As he calls detachments of people start for the gates, rushing through the doors into the concourse. Hundreds of feet tramp by ; there is a murmur of voices and the muffled sound of the hidden trains below. Groups take leave of each other: some weep, some smile and call out parting messages. A wedding-party arrives, the groom and bride scattering rice with every footstep, and striving to seem unembarrassed, the friends who have come to see them off laughing and talking. A nice old black Southern "mammie," as the coloured nurses are called, watches over a baby while the parents go to the lunch-room for a bite to eat. Her head is bound with a bright bandanna, and she cuddles the child, crooning a queer old melody, quite undisturbed by the hurry and noise around her. Above

New York

soar the great stone pillars supporting the vast arches of the roof. A mighty clock marks the passing hour, and at each tick of its huge mechanism some hasten out, others rush in. It is a world in miniature, with Father Time for King. Meetings and partings, laughter and tears, brides, old folks, children, workers and amusement-seekers, white, black and yellow races, all come and go through these portals. And you can spend an hour or two of the greatest interest looking on at it all.

The Central Station, at Forty-Second Street, between Fourth and Lexington Avenues, on the east side of town, is even more central in location than its great rival. Here the trains enter and depart on two levels, far below the city's humming life. The old station, long since proven too small for the city's needs, is being demolished, and as it goes down the new one springs up, a giant structure which will be many stories in height and comprise offices and business suites besides the station proper. It is to be built of light-toned marble and brick, on steel girders, and will be an architectural adornment to New York, equal in beauty to, though utterly different in form from, the "Pennsy" building, as the other station is affectionately termed. Here, too, no trouble is being spared to meet every possible requirement—not only for the present needs, but for the far heavier demands of the near future.

New York is justly proud of these two new buildings, and of the enterprise and skill that made them possible. Through them pulses the life and move-



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ment, the ebb and flow, of an entire continent. The freight that feeds the millions of citizens and provides their means of life arrives largely on their tracks, and upon their efficiency and honesty depend to an almost unimaginable extent the health and comfort of all New York.

CHAPTER V

FOUR GREAT STREETS

CITY streets, though there are neither hills nor streams, woods nor meadows, to diversify them, are yet quite as various in aspect, and possibly in character, as are any country roads wandering far over the land or by the sea. In the old days it was necessary for a city to be as compact as a single building, in order that a defensive wall might surround it, and streets were as narrow as was possible, while still leaving room to get through them, twisting and turning upon themselves in a tangle of loops, ending in blind alleys, or even clambering up steps, in order to keep as close each to each as could be managed. Most of the European cities began as medieval towns and almost fortresses. But in America the greater number of the cities have been constructed without any restrictions as to space or necessity for defence, and they are generally built on a regular plan, modified to a greater or less degree by their natural surroundings. Their streets, instead of having names, are numbered, and convenience, not picturesqueness, has been the aim followed.

New York

New York City proper is comprised within the borough of Manhattan, and is situated on the long, narrow island of the same name. This island is about thirteen miles long, by from nearly two and a half to less than half a mile wide. At its southern end it tapers almost to a point, and again at the north, above Hundred-and-Twenty-Fifth Street, where the Harlem River, that makes its northern boundary, slopes from the Hudson to Long Island Sound. Above this section lies the borough of the Bronx. Over on Long Island are the borough of Brooklyn and the borough of Queens, and south of Manhattan Island, comprising the whole of Staten Island, is the borough of Richmond. These five boroughs together make up what is known as Greater New York, and combine into an area larger than that of any other city on earth. But New York to the New Yorker is the borough of Manhattan, and on that long and narrow island lies the real city. The other boroughs are but partially built up, and large portions of them are still nothing but country, except Brooklyn, which is a great city in itself, and goes by the name of the "City of Homes," or the "City of Churches," for it is in Brooklyn that an enormous part of the population lives, coming across the bridges and ferries and through the subways to its business on Manhattan every morning, and crowding back at night.

The old part of New York lies in the southern portion of Manhattan, and there the streets are narrow, twisted, and confused, as in the towns of the Old World. But the rest has been laid out in straight lines, and,

Four Great Streets

with but few exceptions, all the streets and avenues are numbered, the streets running east and west, the avenues north and south, with Fifth Avenue as the dividing-line. Each cross-street has thus an east and west section, with the house numbers growing greater in both directions from the Avenue toward the two rivers. Once this plan is understood, New York is a very simple place to find one's way about in.

But there is one street in the city that does not follow a straight line, and that is Broadway, New York's most famous thoroughfare. This great street is the longest in the world, running all the way from the Battery, at the southern point of Manhattan, to the city of Yonkers, in the north. It slants across the city in a general north-westerly direction, cutting most of the avenues on its way, and it is extraordinarily different in appearance in the various parts of its length.

Broadway is remarkable in many ways. In the business section, called "Down-town," it runs between the dizzy heights of the sky-scrappers, that tower twenty odd stories on either hand—marvellous examples of man's ingenuity and conquest of difficulties. It starts within sight of the dancing waters of the harbour in the green lawns of Battery Park, and leads past many of the city's public buildings, its oldest churches, past the City Hall and its pretty park, where stands the statue of Nathan Hale, on through the shopping region, still guarded by the tall sky-scrappers to right and left —among them the astonishing Singer building—on to the chestnuts and flower-beds of Union Square, at Fourteenth Street, and on again to Twenty-Third

New York

Street, where stands the famous Flatiron Building. At this point Broadway looks its best.

Twenty-Third is one of the chief shopping streets, very gay and crowded and spacious. Here begins the region of the great shops and the theatres, the hotels and apartment-houses, and you may look across the beautiful tree-planted expanse of Madison Square to the wonderful Metropolitan Building, with its lofty white tower, whose great clock is 350 feet above the level of the street, while the tower itself is 700 feet high.

On the same side of the Square, and farther north, is the tawny Madison Square Gardens Building, with its graceful Spanish tower and golden Diana. Straight north runs Fifth Avenue, thronged with gay traffic, full of life and motion, brilliant in the sunlight, its upward slope visible for many blocks. And toward the north-west goes Broadway itself, called, from this point on to beyond the Times Building at Forty-Second Street, "The Great White Way," because of the blaze of electric light that illuminates it by night. For all that part of it is a solid line of shops, cafés, hotels, and play-houses, and here the entire city comes to enjoy itself as soon as darkness falls on the rest of Nature.

The variety of the electric signs and lights displayed here strikes a visitor dumb with surprise. It is a river of light—light of many colours, light in constant motion. Signs representing all manner of things, and advertising everything in the world, blaze and dance before you on the house-fronts or higher up, supported by immense

Four Great Streets

frames. Here a girl with fluttering skirts, holding an umbrella over her head as a protection against a fiery rain-storm, is dazzlingly outlined against the black sky. There a revolving wheel is making intricate patterns of changing form and colour. Over the theatres the names of plays and players flame in glittering letters ; in another place, a circus is advertised by a fiery horse that appears to gallop, while a fiery lady on his back leaps through a hoop of silver lights. Sentences write themselves in the air in white or green or scarlet, and vanish again ; coloured serpents writhe up long poles, to disappear in a shower of stars and start once more. All the shop-windows and the restaurants are brilliant, and the street itself is crowded with vehicles, each with its lamps. The great white globes of the Brush-lights and the odd glow of the artificial sunshine also in use mingle, and cast amazing shadows of the moving throngs. Far up toward the sky, most of its windows alight, climbs the beautiful tower of the Times Building, and near it the lovely illuminations of the Astor and the Knickerbocker Hotels shed a soft glow. Newsboys dart in and out among the passers-by, screaming the latest extras ; ticket speculators haunt the pavements before the theatres ; persons of all sorts jostle each other, linger at the window displays, or surround some fakir selling a toy or a notion, or listen, half amused, half serious, to the music and songs of a Salvation Army group.

The squares through which Broadway slants, and that add so greatly to the city's beauty, used to be potters' fields, where the pauper dead were buried.

New York

As the city grew northward, these sad places changed into little parks full of flowers, with fountains and seats, and nowadays these benches are the resorts of thousands in the spring, summer, and fall. And often, at night, they become once more the refuge of the utterly poor and homeless ; only now it is the sleep of exhaustion, not of death, for which the paupers come.

North of Fiftieth Street, Broadway becomes more and more a residential avenue, bordered by huge apartment buildings and family hotels, and grows wider ; for, despite its name, its southern sections are narrow compared with the city's other avenues.

The second of New York's remarkable streets is Fifth Avenue, which, beginning at Washington Square, at Fourth Street, runs north for six miles, past Central Park to the Harlem River. Fifth Avenue is the city's fashionable thoroughfare, and is fronted by its finest clubs and hotels, churches and libraries, and its most exclusive shops. Immense green double-decker electric stages ply up and down the Avenue, and a ride on one of these gives an excellent opportunity for seeing the flower of the town's population of smart and brilliant people busy amusing themselves, drifting past on foot or in motor-car and carriage, going in and out of the shops and the picture shows, the tea-places and the clubs.

At the beginning of the Avenue is the Washington Arch, designed by Stanford White to commemorate the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States at the centennial celebration in 1889. From the Arch to Fourteenth

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Street the Avenue moves between dignified houses, where New York's oldest families still reside, the fine old buildings having a restful calm and spaciousness that obtains hardly anywhere else, often standing in old gardens, over whose walls trees lean. But above this short portion the business interests have taken possession, and the sky-scrappers are appearing more and more quickly, rushing upward with the rapidity of such work in New York.

At Twenty-Third Street, Fifth Avenue crosses Broadway, and has the Flatiron on the east and the Fifth Avenue Building, a huge place with arcades, shops, and offices, on the west. From here on it assumes its distinctive character of fashionable activity. At Thirty-Fourth Street it passes the famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, while at Fortieth Street the splendid new Public Library extends for two blocks, its white marble façade and fine columns and its beautiful approaches making one of the finest sights in the city. From there the Avenue sweeps on between magnificent buildings, among which are the Catholic Cathedral, the St. Regis and Gotham Hotels, Delmonico's and Sherry's, the University Club, and the residences of the Vanderbilts and other of New York's rich citizens. At Fifty-Eighth and Fifty-Ninth Streets is the open space of the Plaza, just beyond being the main entrance to Central Park. This Plaza is remarkable for its architectural surroundings. To the east are the large Savoy and Netherland Hotels, to the south the Cornelius Vanderbilt house, in its large garden, and the whole western side is occupied by the towering Plaza Hotel,

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perhaps the most beautiful building of the sky-scraper type ever erected. North of Fifty-Ninth Street the Avenue runs between Central Park on the west and a row of fine private dwellings and high-priced apartment-houses on the east. At Seventy-Ninth Street is the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Beyond the Park Fifth Avenue degenerates into a cheap street of cheap buildings, except where the pretty and hilly little Mount Morris Park breaks in at Hundred-and-Twentieth Street.

Fifth Avenue is rapidly becoming one of the beautiful streets of the world. At present it is still largely in process of reconstruction, where the new is replacing the old. The new plan, to build with light stone and brick, is being consistently followed, and it makes the street particularly gay and brilliant to the eye. Five o'clock of a clear afternoon in early winter is the ideal moment to see the Avenue. The crisp air seems charged with electricity, so filled it is with life and vigour, and the great street is crowded from end to end. Hansoms, motors, victorias, cabs and taxis, broughams and light trotting-waggons, on their way to and from the Park and the Speedway, pass in two continuous streams. With a fanfaronade of the horn, a coach swings gaily down, behind its handsome horses, and draws up with a flourish at the Holland House, one of the city's oldest and most conservative hostelleries. Dominating the traffic, the mounted and foot police stand between the swirling lines of vehicles, controlling them with signs or the shrill whistle that gives the signal to halt or move on. They are fine-looking men,



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the pick of the force, and in their close-fitting dark blue uniforms and helmets, or visored caps, present a natty, soldierly appearance. Then, there are the street-cleaners in white, with brushes and little hand-carts on two wheels.

Quite as crowded as the centre of the Avenue are the pavements. Women dressed in the extreme of fashion, men of cosmopolitan types, children with their parents or governesses, visiting celebrities in fur over-coats, servants in liveries, the ever-present small boy (usually on roller-skates), workmen taking a look at the gaiety as they go home after the day's work, dogs on leashes—what a medley, indeed, moving along in the brisk American fashion, thronging the shops, pouring in and out of the various picture shows, arriving at and departing from the hotels and clubs !

Everywhere liveliness, motion, chatter. Presently the great silvery globes of the Brush-lamps, running in double rows on either side of the Avenue, break into light, and the yellow glow of the shop and hotel windows streams out across the pavements. The carriages add their lights, that are reflected in the shining black asphalt. The uneven, gigantic sky-line reveals windows high in the air, or a dark steeple silhouetted against the evening rose, and suddenly drops to the four-story level of a group of brown stone houses dating from the last generation. If you are on top of one of the huge stages, or buses, as it shoulders and sways its way through the sea of smaller craft, you feel as though you were aboard some great galleon, and the roar and hum of life is like the ocean.

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Up at Fifty-Ninth Street Central Park looks misty in the twilight, and the wide expanse of sky is full of delicate colour. Beyond this point the crowd grows less, switching off into the side-streets or turning back the way it came. Your bus swings along more quietly between the houses where the maids are lighting the lamps, and before whose doors motors and carriages wait, and the darkening reaches of the Park, where white lights glimmer through the trees or shine reflected in the lake. The big elms lift their graceful, slender boughs high upward, and the first stars begin to twinkle here and there. A peace and quiet falls on you, the city sounds grow faint, and as you swing along you dream of the country, which seems to have stolen down from far away to rest awhile on the broad lawns and rocky, tree-grown hills of the Park beside you.

A couple of hours later Fifth Avenue is practically deserted. The cafés and restaurants of Broadway and their own homes have drawn the people away. A few cabs or taxis skim over the shining asphalt, unchecked by the police, who have almost all gone too. Most of the shops are dark, and the hotels, whose entrances are on the side-streets, do not go in for electrical displays, as on Broadway, though their big windows shine cheerily. But the pearly chains of double-globed lamps are now in undisputed possession of the Avenue, that looks particularly lovely in its quietness. You can saunter along it at present undisturbed by anyone, unless possibly some beggar mutters a plea for help. A short distance away, and Broadway is thundering with

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life, but here a grey and silver repose falls tenderly upon the spirit.

Riverside Drive is the third of New York's representative streets. Sir Henry Irving said of this beautiful avenue that it was the finest residential street in the world. Its natural advantages are many. It is laid out on the slopes and bluffs of the Hudson for three miles, extending from Seventy - Second to Hundred - and - Thirtieth Streets, and is very wide and perfectly graded, with rows of trees separating it into sections for foot, horseback, and vehicle use. On the river-side a noble park slopes down abruptly, planted with flowering shrubs and trees, many of which are the ancient forest-trees remaining from the old days, when this part of New York was still a wilderness. Flights of stone steps and winding paths lead through this park down to the river. But, unfortunately, the tracks of a railroad intervene between park and stream, although they are not very visible, owing to the sharpness of the slope and the many trees. A terraced arcade is to be built over these tracks in the near future, however, and then they will be entirely hidden. Boat-clubs have built pretty houses on the bank, attained by bridges over the tracks, and in summer the river is crowded with yachts and pleasure-boats of all descriptions.

The view of the river itself is wonderfully beautiful. The noble and precipitous cliffs of the Jersey *Palisades*, increasing in height toward the north, mirror their dark and rugged sides in the slow-moving water, and at night the Jersey lights make a lovely picture. The Drive itself swings along in gentle curves, and at

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Grant's tomb, almost at the end of its extent, rising gently all the way, it is as much as 130 feet above the Hudson River.

This tomb is of white Maine granite, the interior of white marble, and has a square foundation, from which rises a pointed dome, supported on slender Ionic columns. There are larger columns about the foundation on all four sides, and wide flights of low steps lead to the columned entrance. About the tomb the Drive sweeps grandly, returning upon itself. Broad lawns surround it, and it commands a splendid view far up the stream and down the Drive and eastward across the city. Within, in two sarcophagi of polished red porphyry, seen through a circular opening in the floor, as at Napoleon's tomb in Paris, the great General of the American Civil War and his wife lie side by side. The gallery is supported on arches, and the dome rises in a fine curve. The place is flooded with a mellow light, and produces, in its calm simplicity and repose, a feeling of solemnity that touches the heart.

Over the entrance, between two figures emblematic of Peace and War, are inscribed Grant's own words : "Let us have Peace."

Farther down the Drive are other statues and monuments, and on its eastern side the most magnificent of New York's private houses, many millionaires having selected the Drive as the most attractive spot in the city. There are also some superb apartment-houses, approaching the sky-scraper type, and faced with fine marbles and other handsome stones. Up this

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Drive run the stages from Fifth Avenue, and it is the favourite run for automobiles and carriages, particularly since the viaduct over the Manhattan Valley above Hundred-and-Thirtieth Street connects the Drive with the Harlem Speedway, a stretch of road especially built for speeding fast trotters that half circles the high tree-grown promontory north of Grant's tomb and beyond the valley mentioned.

The fourth street I want to speak of is Wall Street, the centre of the city's financial district, and famous all over the civilized world as a place where more immense fortunes have been made and lost, and more gigantic financial and business operations started and carried through, than anywhere else. Wall Street itself is a short and narrow thoroughfare running like a mountain gorge through the lofty cliff-like walls of the skyscrapers that front upon it. It got its name from a wall that once defended New Amsterdam at this point, and which was built by the order of old Governor Peter Stuyvesant in 1653. But assuredly that short-tempered old gentleman would be put to it to recognize the place nowadays. Here tower New York's highest buildings, making of the streets narrow gorges, and giving odd effects of light and shadow, revealing cliff-like profiles, darkening the sun at midday. The Wall Street district includes a number of the streets that are linked together in this vicinity and that comprise the whole of the financial portion. The street itself is less than half a mile in length, but an incredible number of people manage to jostle and squeeze along its narrow extent, surging from one side to the other—a motley

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throng of eager, intent, hurrying clerks, bankers, brokers, messenger boys on the run, express-men, newspaper-men, lawyers, kings of finance, millionaires whose operations are felt the world over, detectives, and sight-seers.

Fronting the eastern end of the street across Broadway is Trinity Church, and all day long its melodious bells chime the hours for ears deaf to anything but the sound and fury of trade. Here is the entrance to the Stock Exchange, the greatest market for stocks and bonds in the world ; here are the United States Sub-Treasury, the lofty walls of the twenty-story Broad Exchange, and the white marble Drexel Building.

To walk through Wall Street is to see the American spirit at fever-heat : huddled groups talking excitedly ; frantic men and boys dashing in all directions, pouring out of the mountain-range of buildings and rushing in again through the revolving doors ; other men shouting hoarsely and waving their arms, apparently unheard above the roar and rumble of Broadway, that sweeps along its endless stream of hurried life ; near by the raucous shriek of a construction engine welding huge steel beams together hundreds of feet above the pavement ; a postman hastening along, with his crammed bag by his side ; a Jew gesticulating desperately in his endeavour to prove a point ; two laughing men turning into a restaurant ; small newsboys shrieking extras—everywhere an indescribable motion, stir, rush, a beat of thousands of feet, the clang of steel on iron, the rattle of machinery, a sense of there not being time enough for all there is to be done, and, deeper than

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this, the realization of the enormous amount that is being done.

And, facing it all, the quiet gravestones in Trinity's yard and the soft chiming of her musical bells.

CHAPTER VI

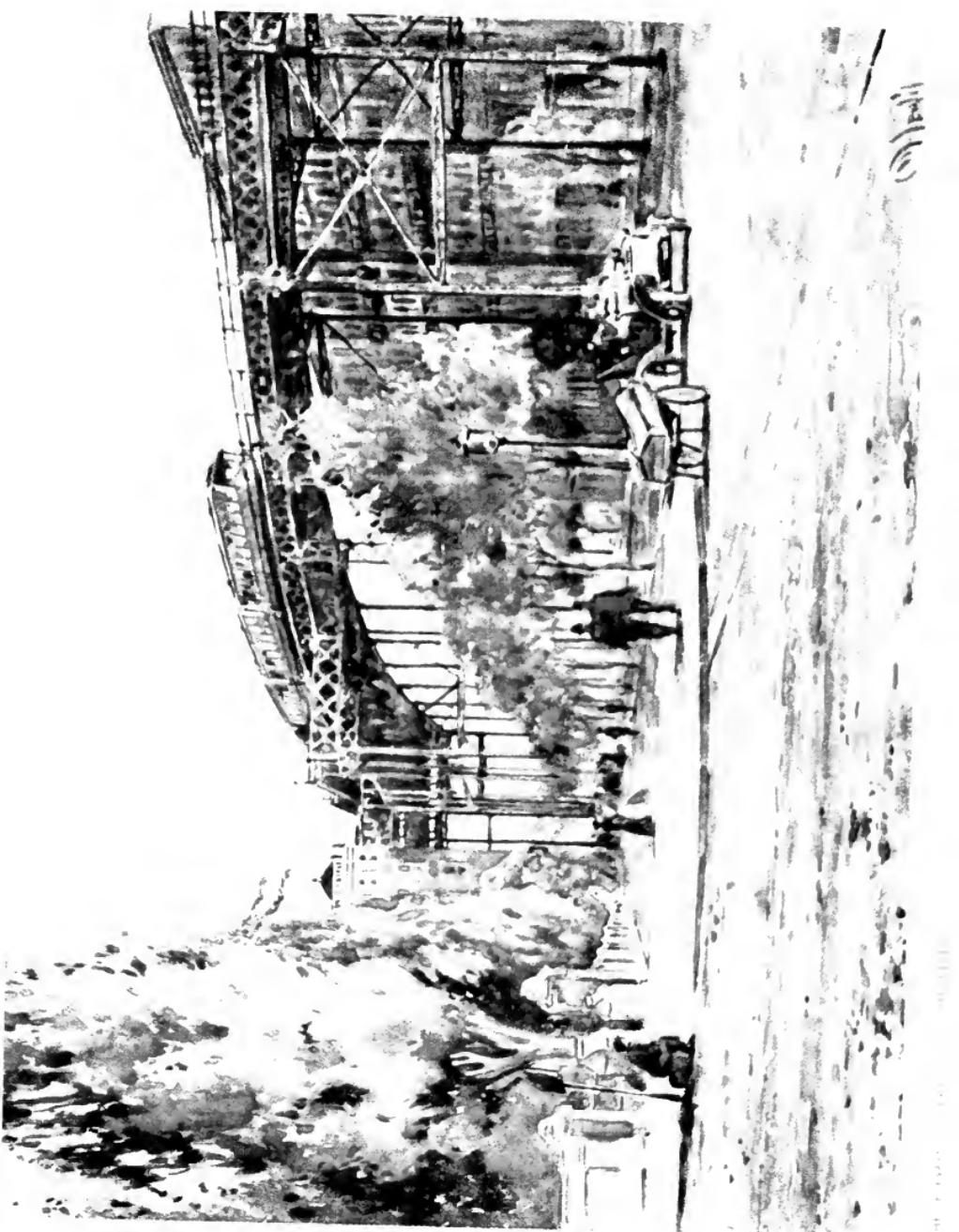
MORNING, AFTERNOON, AND NIGHT

NEW YORK, as I have said, is a city of extremes, and this is true of its shape as much as of other things—among the rest, the arrangement of its working and home quarters. Down at the southern point of Manhattan Island, close to the shipping district, are collected the great business offices, the ware-rooms, the newspaper buildings—with the exception of the *Times* and *Herald*—the financial houses, the manufactories; while up-town are the hotels and apartment-houses, the private dwellings and boarding-places, from out of which there pours every morning a horde of men and women on their way to their work. In addition, Long Island, New Jersey, and the districts north of the city send their thousands, and all these people have to get to practically the same spot at practically the same time. You can easily imagine that it is something of a problem to convey so vast a number to and from the business section every morning and evening. It is done, but the crush is terrible—so terrible that people have been killed in it.

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From six to eight in the morning they begin arriving from the suburbs by train, boat, and trolly. On reaching Manhattan, they separate into three streams, most going on by the subway, others by the elevated roads, the remainder by the surface cars. The subway catches most, since it is the fastest! Here, in the rush hours, you can see a sight not to be matched elsewhere—happily!

Policemen stand in all the express stations close to the doors of the long trains, keeping such order as they can between the incoming and outgoing passengers, assisted to some extent by iron railings that serve to guide the two opposing streams. As each train pulls up and the doors are slid back, a frantic rush is made by the waiting crowds. "Let 'em off!" yells the guard; "Keep back!" roar the police; and those who must get out push and struggle against the advance throng of those who want to get in. The policemen pull and shove; the gongs sound incessantly; and as the last passenger squeezes off a resistless mass of humanity is wedged into each car; the doors are slid shut again, at the imminent risk of crushing someone; the policemen haul back those who have not managed to board the train, and off she whirls, to be followed the next moment by another, where the same scene is repeated. So many seconds' stop is allowed each train, and during these the crowd must be got off and on. There is no question of sitting room; standing room is hard enough to get. People inside are packed so close that they are unable to change their position between stations. If your arm is bent, bent it remains till the next stop



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brings a fresh readjustment ; and often clothes are torn, hats crushed, and bundles lost.

On the elevated, or overhead, railroad, popularly called the "L," the crowds are not quite so bad, yet the trains are packed to the doors, the passengers standing out on the platforms even in the bitter winter weather. As for the surface cars, though they run so closely together on Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and the rest of the long streets that they almost touch each other, they are also crowded, and strap-hangers—as those who have to stand up are called, because straps are provided for them to hold on by, and thus avoid being knocked off their feet by the violent stopping and starting of the cars—are as common here as elsewhere.

This extreme state of affairs endures for only a brief space of time, a couple of hours each in the morning and at night, known as the rush hours. But no one who has been caught in them is likely to forget the experience. Yet thousands of persons suffer them every day, and, with that madness for speed so characteristic of the New Yorker, they will squeeze and fight their way into an express train, rather than spend an extra fifteen minutes in a local, though these are by no means so crowded.

Everyone uses these three means of transportation in New York, very few of even the richest men going to their business in cabs or motors. The distances are so great and the traffic regulations so severe, that too much time would be wasted ; so that the little shop-girl and the multi-millionaire often go to their day's work side by side, each clinging to a strap.

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It is an enlivening sight to saunter about one of the busy sections of town and see the workers hurrying to their jobs—a fine frosty autumn morning in Madison Square, for instance, when the grass is still green, and the yellow leaves are falling at the least puff of wind. Between six and seven come the shop-girls, hastening down the streets and avenues in chattering squads, all very smart in their feathered hats, on top of huge pompadours of generally blonde hair. As they disappear into the side-doors of the big shops, and are whirled to the different floors, snatching off their gloves and unbuttoning their coats in the elevators, they are followed by the clerks, stenographers, secretaries, male and female, by the telephone girls, coming to relieve the night operators, and hundreds more. The street-cleaners in white uniforms and helmets are swabbing the streets, the delivery waggons are rattling off in all directions, and boys are crying the morning papers. On the benches in the square the night vagrants are thawing out in the sun, and beginning to shuffle off to their mysterious haunts. Then the school - children come along, racing each other on roller-skates, shouting and laughing, or going along primly in little groups. There is an energy and merriment to everything and everyone. The day is young and shining ; no one is tired ; the very buildings glisten in the sunlight. All the time, underground, overhead, in all the cars are passing the thousands whose work lies farther down-town. The morning is the special time of the workers, full of energy, strong, cheerful.

The afternoon belongs to the idlers. Fifth Avenue

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and the shopping streets, Twenty-Third, Thirty-Fourth, Forty-Second, and the middle portion of Broadway, are filled with pleasure-seekers. Carriages, motors, cabs of all kinds, pass up and down in unending streams, while on the pavements the crowd idles along, and pours in and out of the shops. They all appear to be well dressed, often in the extremes of the fashion. If it is a matinée day, the theatres, the opera, and many concerts attract their thousands, who jostle about the entrances. A little later the afternoon-tea shops begin to fill up. Some of these are quaint little places with signs swinging over their doors, and cosy rooms, lighted softly, and arranged like private drawing-rooms. Others are special rooms in the big hotels, where tea is served between five and six, usually preceded by the American cocktail.

Presently the lights begin to appear. Fifth Avenue puts on its double chain of double pearls, that shimmer in the asphalt as in a lake. Broadway sets its glare of electricity afire and becomes the Great White Way. Far above everything else the immense torch that crowns the Metropolitan Tower burns clearly and the clock bursts into light, each number and the two arms being outlined with incandescent lamps. The day is over.

From the work-rooms and offices stream the workers, a little pale and tired now, and add themselves to the idling crowds. Far up over the city the last pink glow fades from the sky, and over New Jersey a frail new moon shows its silver crescent. On the two great rivers and the harbour the lights spring out once

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again, and all the sky-scrappers turn to fairy mountains, twinkling with innumerable lamps. The dinner-hour arrives, and the crowd thins as the restaurants fill up ; and then again the pleasure-seekers crowd the streets, going to the manifold amusements of the metropolis.

Up above the only darkness New York ever knows deepens to blackness. Suddenly, with a clangour and screech, the three horses at full gallop, a fire-engine dashes through a side-street and crosses the Avenue, while the police hold up the traffic. The firemen are still hauling on their coats, their faces showing pale for a moment in the glare of light, and the driver swings his heavy team with splendid skill through the crowded street and round the corner. People stare after it a minute, and then go on about their business. Night has fallen on New York. And underground, overhead, in all the crowded surface cars, the workers who live farther up-town or in the suburbs are rushing homeward.

New York as a whole never goes to bed, never sleeps. It is worse than Paris in this respect, and quite different from London. No matter at what hour you are abroad, you will find people travelling about on the cars, walking hither and thither, apparently with no notion that the night was meant to sleep in. At three, four, five o'clock they are still there ; and then the early-morning traffic begins, with the milk-waggons and farmers' carts, and before one knows it the sun is slanting through the streets once more, and a new day is at hand.

The Sky-Scrapers

CHAPTER VII

THE SKY-SCRAPERS

I HAVE spoken of the tall buildings picturesquely named "sky-scrappers" several times, but they merit a chapter to themselves, since they are so peculiarly characteristic of New York and so amazing in appearance and construction.

New York, so far as its lower section is concerned, is almost a city stood on end, so much of its life being carried on hundreds of feet above the street level. The sky-scraper is a marvellous example of man's cleverness in finding ways to meet his requirements. Since there was nowhere near enough room on the end of Manhattan Island for the merest portion of the population that had to be there, and since it was prevented by the jealous waters from spreading out, there was nothing left for it but to climb up into the air. Climb, therefore, the New Yorker did, ever higher and higher, until he reached such heights as the Singer Building, 612 feet above the pavement, and the Metropolitan Life Building, with its fifty stories, to mention the giants among giants. For there are innumerable other buildings whose top floors are more than twenty stories high, vast structures occupying entire city blocks. Among these are the row of financial houses on Nassau Street above Wall, almost all having more than twenty stories, the Park Row Building, thirty-one stories in height and containing 1,000 offices, and the Hudson Terminal Building,

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twenty-two stories high, the largest office building in the world, having 4,000 offices and housing a population of over 10,000 souls.

This immense structure is the terminal for the Hudson River tunnels to Jersey City, and all the underground systems, the "subways," of Manhattan, meet beneath it. It has a glass-enclosed arcade, lined with shops of all sorts, larger than any of the famous arcades of Europe, and before long to be, in all probability, the greatest covered shopping street in existence. Then there is the white marble New York Life Building, with its magnificent portico and lofty clock-tower. The Fuller Building, at Twenty-Third Street, got its popular name of the Flatiron because it is built on a piece of ground shaped precisely like a flat-iron, with the rounded end pointing toward Broadway and Fifth Avenue at Twenty-Fifth Street. When you look at it from that point, it produces an extraordinary sense of motion. It seems like a huge, strange ship moving down upon you under full sail, and, especially on misty days when it is partly veiled, this effect is startling and impressive ; and again, when darkness falls early and all its countless windows are lighted, and you stand staring up at it, it seems impossible that man should ever have conceived, far less that he could actually have built, so amazing a structure. It has a strange beauty of its own, a beauty you do not see at first very likely, but which, once recognized, catches at the heart.

It is impossible even to mention all New York's sky-scrappers, and it would be tiresome to read of them

The Sky-Scrapers

all ; but it is worth while trying to give you an idea of how complete in itself each of these huge buildings is—a veritable little city, holding within its walls almost everything a man requires in modern life.

In the first place, the foundations of these structures are wonderful. They go down to bed-rock, and the iron pillars and girders are clamped to the living rock, sometimes fully 100 feet below, and piers are sunk like those used for bridges. Indeed, the building itself is more like a bridge set on end than anything else, made of steel beams and ceiling arches, welded together with red-hot rivets. It is a steel cage, to which the walls are attached later, sometimes the walling-in of the upper stories being finished first. The noise of one of these buildings under construction is simply deafening, the reverberations of the iron hammer, striking with ever-increasing speed and force, making a sound that is like the howl of a demon in pain.

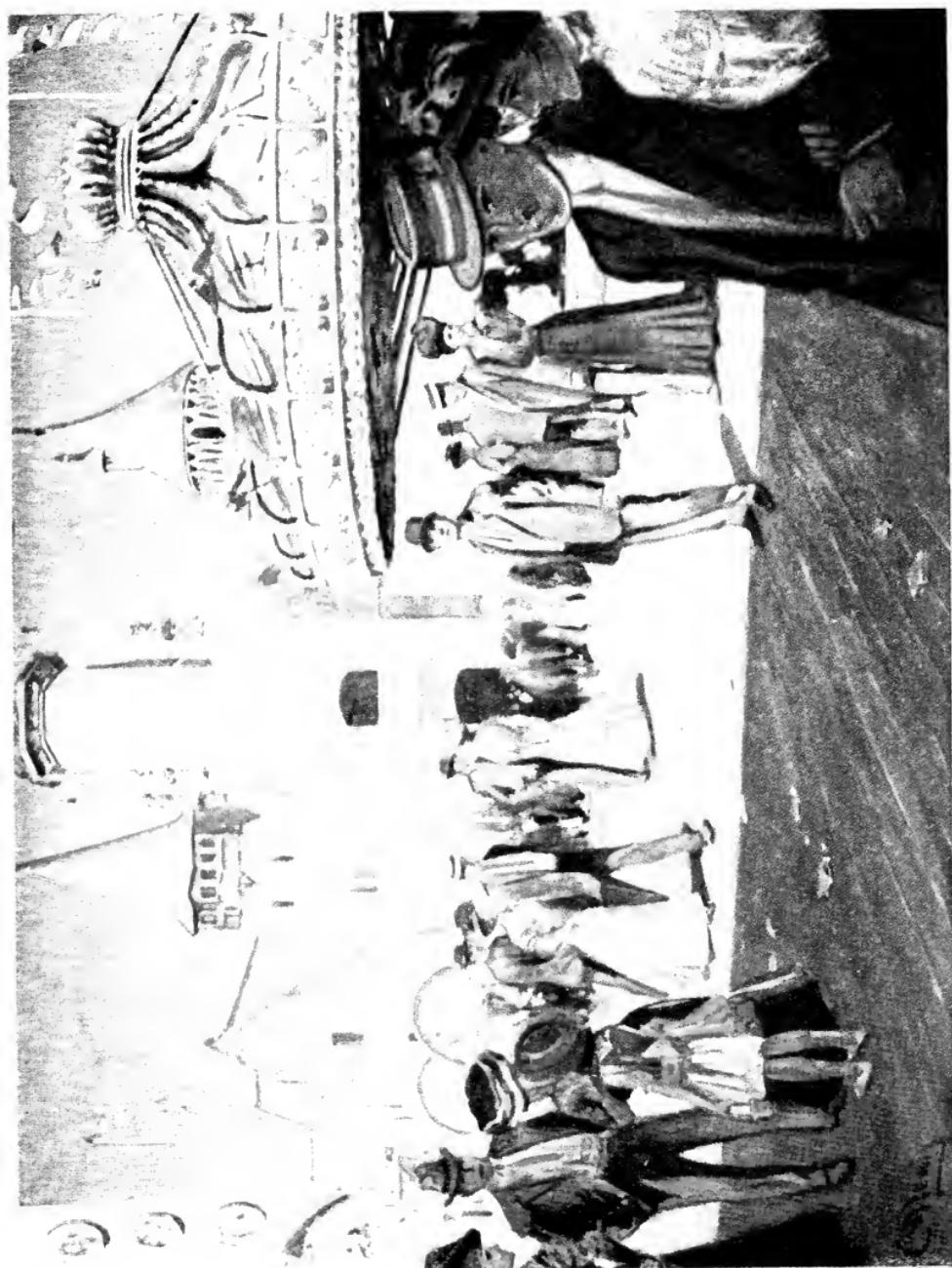
Of course, these buildings have to be strongly braced against the wind, and iron cables fastened deep below the surface of the ground are employed. Usually the vibration can be distinctly felt in the upper stories during a storm, and often the pendulums of clocks are stopped. There is a wonderful exhilaration in being at one of the windows of such a sky-scraper during a storm. The top of the *Times* Tower, on Broadway and Forty-Second Street, with its fine view of the entire city, of the country north to beyond Yonkers, the superb stretch of the Hudson, and New Jersey for miles toward the west, while to the east lie the

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glittering Sound and the low shores of Long Island, is a great vantage-point on the approach of a thunder-storm. The mighty building appears to shiver under you as the wind strikes it and the thunder roars past. Far below the tiny horses and people scatter under the rain, or go desperately on their way. The waters of the river whiten and turn black again ; the trees of the country-sides and the parks sway and struggle as though in a wild dance ; and you can see the rain falling in heavy sheets, blown into curves and waves, like a curtain of filmy stuff.

But to return to the sky-scrapers and their arrangements. In the first place, down in the great cellars are the "plants," or machinery, for the electric lights, the hot and cold water, steam-heat, and the machinery for running the lifts. It is a bewildering maze of huge boilers, furnaces, steam-engines, vast tanks, enormous pumps, and queer-looking dynamos. A large force of attendants is required to take care of these, and the superintendent of each building (many of whom are women) has a host of employees to command. There are also uniformed police to keep order when necessary, the elevator boys, the window and floor cleaners, the engineers, and countless more.

The ground floors often contain arcades leading from one street to another, lined with booths and small shops, and decorated with beautiful marbles, pillars, and arches. Here, too, are the cable and telegraph offices, the messenger service, the restaurants. The arcade of the Empire Building, for instance, connecting Broadway with the Rector Street "L" Station, is a real



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little street, through which pass thousands of people every day, and where you can purchase anything.

From the lowest level start the elevators to the dizzy heights above. There are both express and local cars, and they are just like trains shooting up into the air instead of running along the ground, each car holding twenty or twenty-five persons. The express lifts usually go to the tenth or fifteenth floor before stopping, and have a speed of from 500 to 700 feet a minute.

The very large buildings have their own water system, the Metropolitan, for instance, drawing its supply from a brook that used to run through the meadows of what is now Madison Square to the East River. It flows still, but far beneath the asphalt.

Each floor has its fire alarms and extinguishers ; its mail-chutes, long tubes that take letters down to the post-boxes on the ground floor, where the postman collects them ; and its telephone system, with switch-boards connecting with the central office. Barbers, boot-blacks, dentists, doctors, even Turkish baths, with banks, life-insurance offices, safe-deposit vaults, tailors' shops, and public stenographers—all are at hand. There is one firm in the city that does nothing else but supply the offices in the big buildings with clean towels and soap every morning, and buffet luncheons are served on several floors. It is easy to spend a week in going through one of these places ; even then there would be much left to see.

In addition to the electric lights inside the skyscrapers, many of them are beautifully illuminated

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outside. I have spoken of the tower of the Metropolitan, with its clock and torch. The Singer Building is exquisitely outlined with incandescent lamps, and by a system of shaded lights a glow is thrown on the tower that has a magical effect. The gilded dome of the World is also lighted up, and there are several great search-lights that sweep the air far above the city.

Naturally the sky-line in New York is remarkable ; for often a tiny three-story house, looking like a child's toy, will be sandwiched in between two immense modern buildings. Even the church steeples fail to attain anywhere near the roof-line of a sky-scraper, and altogether there is a great up-and-downness to the city. But month by month the little houses are coming down and the giants taking their places. Already one wonders where it will end. Will all the streets come to be like mountain-passes between enormous cliffs? Even up-town, where there is still plenty of room, the new apartment-houses are growing higher and higher, story above story, often covering a whole block and soaring up fifteen and twenty floors.

In the past two or three years Fifth and Fourth Avenues have been busily erecting sky-scrapers, clearing away scores of the old houses, and Broadway's giants are marching steadily northward. The side-streets are following suit, and the next ten years promise great changes. By the time the flying ships become common perhaps most of the traffic will be on the high levels, and with the stations for them on top, and the subways below, old mother earth will be quite neglected, so far as surface travel goes.

Coney Island

CHAPTER VIII

CONEY ISLAND

NEW YORK has a playground all its own, a place as full of amusing things as a toy-shop, as astonishing as a conjurer's box, and as exciting as a circus. This place is Coney Island, and it seems to be known all over the world ; for on the incoming ships you will see the passengers crowding to the rail to look at its strange towers and fantastic scenic railways, its huge bathing-houses and board-walk, and, whether they are immigrants in the steerage or travellers in the first cabin, they have heard of Coney, and they want to see it.

Coney Island is reached from New York either by land or sea, and during the season hundreds of thousands of persons are carried back and forth to spend all the day and much of the night on the beaches and in the streets of the strange little town, with its garish pleasure-palaces, its beer-gardens, theatres, side-shows, and restaurants, amusing themselves with all the jolly and foolish devices for having what the crowds call "a dandy time."

Coney is a fine place for fun even in the daytime, when the beaches are crowded with men, women, and children, playing tag, throwing balls, racing in and out of the blue and white water, or diving into the waves from the floats anchored at varying distances from shore to suit swimmers of different strength. So cool and fresh it is here, only a half-hour from the baking

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city, where summer, as one of New York's poets has phrased it,

"Brings her furious fires,
And lights them on the City's iron hearth."

But here at Coney the wind is always blowing ; and here come the pale children of the slums with their weary mothers to find a day's health and happiness in the clear sun and by the sparkling sea ; here, too, the tired business man, unable to leave his work for a vacation in the real country, comes to enjoy his dip, and a cigar on the board-walk in the evening, when the gaieties of the Coney Bowery have drawn the throngs from the water-side.

Coney is like a constant country fair on a huge scale, and with features of its own beside. There isn't anything to eat that you may not have for the price, from the "hot dog," which is the popular name for a hot Frankfurter sausage, that you may watch cooking in a hundred booths, and which is handed out to you slapped between a split roll, or that favourite American edible, the peanut, hot likewise, and fresh from the little charcoal-burning roasters on wheels, whose shrill piping is one of the island's familiar sounds, to elaborate French and Italian table d'hôte dinners, or the steamed clams and broiled chicken dear to every New Yorker. Sweets, or, as the Americans say, candy, of all kinds is also on sale, especially the popular molasses candy, looking very pretty as it revolves on the arms of the pulling machines, that throw the shining yellow strands from hook to hook, and draw them ever smoother and whiter. And that delightful summer drink, ice-cream

Coney Island

soda, is dispensed from scores of glittering fountains, a first rival to beer in the favour of the crowds.

There are German, Persian, Japanese eating-places, and Chinese "chop-suey" houses, where, besides the dish that gives its name to the establishments—a sort of stew—you get tea in handleless cups, rice wine, bamboo shoots, and all manner of queer but good things to eat or drink.

There is, however, much beside swimming and eating to occupy you in Coney. Both the board-walk, that overhangs the sea, and the Bowery, which is the main street, are lined with booths and show-places of every description, where all sorts of tricks are played, and where you may see anything from performing fleas or elephants to fairy palaces or moving pictures of a voyage to the moon. Outside the rival shows stand the "barkers," as they are called, and yell aloud the attractions of their particular place, or call to you through megaphones, or point alluringly within, while a couple of performers go through a short act on a little platform, as who should say: "This is all very well, but only go inside and you *will* see something."

Luna Park and Dreamland are large sections of Coney containing several acres of ground, within whose gates are real fairylands of plaster palaces, little lakes and waterfalls, Venetian canals on which float gondolas, and lurid caves where lurk creatures like hobgoblins. There are the water-chutes, too, and perhaps these are the best of all the Coney "stunts," combining so much excitement in such a brief space of time that you are likely to find all your pennies

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being spent on repeating the wild ride down the shining slope of water and the frantic splash into the pond, where you escape being soaked to the skin by what seems nothing less than a miracle.

At Coney Island something is happening every minute. Now it is a horde of cowboys or Indians rushing down the street on horseback with a blood-curdling yell ; now a couple of elephants with coolie drivers sitting on their heads move gravely past. Donkeys and ponies scurry along, a group of Javanese in native costume cross the street, looking curiously about them, or a couple of trapeze-performers suddenly appear on an elevated platform and begin to do wonderful tricks.

Then, the crowd itself is alone worth seeing. Automobiles jam along slowly, honking steadily, and small open carriages fly about in all directions. The pavements are packed with people of every nationality, speaking varied samples of what they believe to be English, and hauling along children of assorted sizes. Here a couple of lovers go by arm in arm, quite oblivious of the rest of the world. There a fat German woman with ten children screams instructions to which no attention is paid, and farther along, pushing good-naturedly through the press, two typical, smart business men out for a lark make their way to a waiting motor.

It is all a jumble of noise, colour, humanity, of every shape, size, and tint. Shop-girls, in white blouses cut low in the neck, and clinging together in groups of three and four, pass along chattering with each other. Country people, in to see the sights, lounge along,

Coney Island

jostled this way and that, with sandwiches or oranges in their hands. Clumps of boys rush in and out, following some thrilling sight or making for the bathing beaches. An Oriental fortune-teller comes out of his booth, in flowing robes and a huge turban, and regards the passers-by calmly. Music from half a dozen bands mingles in an extraordinary medley, and over all sound the feet and the voices of the hundreds and hundreds of visitors passing and re-passing hour after hour.

But night is the real time for seeing Coney. Then all its tawdriness and vulgarity disappear in the transforming wonder of the lights. Then its make-believe palaces seem real, its towers and airy bridges are outlined with myriads of tiny lamps, its waters reflect the tangled glory, and far away the black sea murmurs and rolls its foam upon the sands, lending to the glitter and the racket the accompaniment of eternity.

Marvellous fireworks are set off as it grows later, tracing fiery patterns on the sky and sending showers of coloured lights to earth. The Ferris Wheel, rimmed with light, revolves slowly, its cars filled with people. The mothers begin to lead their youngsters home, tired out with the day's fun, and the workers begin to appear—men and girls who have been all day in the hot city in offices and shops, and who come to Coney for a breath of salt air and a few hours of fun before getting back to bed.

Coney is an absurd place, of course. But what New York would do without its silly, merry relaxation I'm sure I don't know. It is the only summer vaca-

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tion most of the city's population ever gets ; and it saves more children than all the chemists' shops or hospitals.

At Seagate, adjoining Coney, there is a kind of hospital, called Seabreeze, maintained by charity, where tired mothers and their little ones are sent for two weeks at a time, and given a complete rest and good food. It is a beautiful, commodious house right on the sea, and it is good to see how the visitors gain health and strength during their stay. So that Coney and its neighbour are not only places for amusing oneself, but spots where the poor can discover what blue skies and green grass and flowing water are, where they can have their snatch at a summer in the country.

CHAPTER IX

SCHOOLS AND SUCH

A CITY is no place for a child, though none the less every city is full of them, and certainly New York is no exception to this rule. There are children of every nationality scattered through it—solemn-looking Chinese babies in green and purple coats, and with queer round caps on their heads and queerer shoes on their feet ; black-haired, black-eyed Italian and Spanish children ; and equally dark Polish, Yiddish, and Russian youngsters. Then there are Swedes and Germans, fair and ruddy. There are children whose parents came over before they were born, and



Schools and Such

who consider themselves thorough Americans, and can hardly speak their mother-tongue; and there are children just off the immigrant ships who cannot speak a word of English, but of whom American citizens must be made—children of every grade in life, from the pampered sons and daughters of the old families and the richest of America's population down to the penniless street waifs living Heaven only knows how. And all of these children must be brought up and schooled and started in life in some way or other.

So you can fancy that the school problem in New York is a serious one. Such a mixed mass of human beginnings from all over the world to be fashioned into American citizens—a task that falls largely on the public schools and their women teachers, who form by far the greater part of the teaching corps in New York's system of education.

The public schools are free, and attendance at them is compulsory, unless it can be proved that the child is receiving proper education privately. Most of the schools are fine new buildings, erected according to modern ideas, built of stone and concrete, with wide halls and playgrounds and well-lighted study and recitation rooms. They are steam-heated and carefully ventilated, and desks and chairs are convenient and roomy, while every care is given to bringing teacher and child into as close touch as possible. But unfortunately the population is increasing faster than the schools, and many of the buildings are badly overcrowded, while many children have to be satisfied with half-time—a condition probably more agreeable to

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them than to their parents. All possible speed in erecting new schools is being made, however, and before long every child will be properly accommodated.

Besides the regular school courses there are industrial classes for both boys and girls, and other classes for such children as are not quite up to the mark either mentally or physically, and must be treated with more consideration and patience than those who are normal. The work done with these poor little ones is wonderful and most encouraging. There are even classes held on the roofs in the open air all through the coldest weather, for children who have a tendency to consumption, and it is both pathetic and funny to see the little boys and girls and the teacher sitting all wrapped up in coats and blankets, with thick gloves and foot-muffs.

During the summer holidays the playgrounds are kept open in the poorer sections of the city, so that the youngsters, who would otherwise have no place but the street to play in, may be safe, and have the advantage of the basket-ball and other amusements provided in the school-yards.

Many of the schools have fine gymnasiums and swimming-baths, with teachers. And there are regular physical examinations of the children, with free treatment when necessary. In some of the schools free breakfasts are served for the children of the very poor.

Besides these free public schools and the free high schools, from the latter of which scholars can graduate with a teacher's diploma, there are, of course, numerous private schools and kindergartens which may be

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attended at pleasure. And there is the College of the City of New York and Columbia University, with many graduate schools.

Columbia is situated on Morningside Heights, with a superb view of the Hudson. The spot is an historic one, for here Washington, on September 16, in the year 1776, fought and won the battle of Harlem Heights. The University has commemorated this fact by setting a bronze tablet in the Engineering Building. The college *campus* is a beautiful lawn graced with giant chestnut and oak trees, and enclosed by a high and massive iron fence. At present only six of the fifteen buildings are completed ; they are handsome, built of brick and stone in the Georgian style. In addition, there is the Seth Low Memorial Library, one of the city's most beautiful buildings. This library is built in the pure Greek style, with lofty dome and splendid pillars, and stands nobly, surmounting a rise, backed by trees and approached by broad flights of steps flanked by fountains. Midway is set the statue of Alma Mater, a bronze, gilded figure of a seated woman with arms outspread in welcome.

Morningside Heights is notable for its monumental buildings. Besides the University and its allied colleges, and the fine dormitory buildings, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is slowly building, and though forty or fifty years will probably have elapsed before its completion, its dignified beauty is already a thing of joy. In its partially built state it resembles some superb ruin, whose mighty dome and giant columns Time has been unable to subdue.

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Not far from the cathedral is the immense St. Luke's Hospital, one of New York's most important hospitals, and which, though by no means as fine as the other structures on the Heights, yet presents a pleasing effect across the green reaches of Morningside Park. In the days to come, when the many projected buildings have been completed, this part of the city will be crowned with stately houses, set among fine trees and approached by broad avenues. This will not be for some years ; for though New York is a place of haste, she is as yet too commercial to give the millions necessary for the contemplated work as eagerly as she pours them into office buildings or subways.

But enough of schools, which are a dry subject at the best ; though I should like to say a word or two of the public recreation piers and playgrounds, run by the municipality for the benefit of the city's children, while I am on the subject.

These playing places are built on piers running out into the East River, or situated in vacant lots. They are entirely for the use of children, although there is generally a pavilion with seats for the mothers of babies. A policeman or two keep an eye on the boys and girls, to see that there is no rowdyism—big good-natured fellows who are usually the best of chums with all the youngsters. These playgrounds have huge piles of clean sand to dig in, and all sorts of trapezes, seesaws, swings, parallel bars, and what not, for the amusement of children of all ages. They are almost always crowded, and are not only excellent in themselves, but they serve to keep the little folk off

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the streets. Unfortunately, there are not nearly enough of them, and when you walk through the tenement districts of the city and see the swarming "kids," as they call themselves, it seems as if all the children in the world must live right there, fighting and playing under the wheels of carts and trucks, in the midst of the dirt and confusion of the city's meanest streets.

But New York is trying hard to look after her young fry, and to give them some sort of chance for getting an education and achieving a fair degree of health ; she has much to do, and the S.P.C.C., the Children's Courts, the various benevolent societies, as well as the Municipality itself, are really only at the beginning of their usefulness. They are on the right path, however, and New York, considering that her family is such a mixed one and her problem so difficult, has no reason to be ashamed of what has already been done in her nursery.

CHAPTER X

SHOPS, THEATRES, HOTELS

NEW YORK takes its amusements outside its homes. It is a city of restaurants, cafés, theatres, vaudeville-shows. Even its big shops offer attractions in the form of concerts, lectures, picture-exhibitions, and model apartments, hoping thereby to lure people within their doors by some surer appeal than the simple one of selling goods.

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There are more than eighty first-class theatres and amusement-places in the city, ranging in size from the Madison Square Gardens and the Hippodrome, with their immense auditoriums capable of holding thousands of persons, to the tiny but exquisite little places, like the Nazimova or Belasco Theatres, more like drawing-rooms than play-houses, where 500 or 600 people will fill the auditorium, and where the stage appears to be in close touch with every spectator.

The Hippodrome is devoted to huge spectacular affairs: ballets that employ hundreds of dancers, water-acts where a large lake is part of the scenery—a lake big enough for a herd of elephants to plunge into, and swim in; as occurred in a scene representing an East Indian hunt. Sometimes battle scenes are presented that really give a sensation of the thing itself, so tremendous is the illusion created by the great stage and its remarkable scenery. This place gives two performances daily, and is almost always crowded, which, when you remember that it takes the population of a little town to fill the house, gives some idea of New York's floating population; for the New Yorker himself rarely goes to the Hippodrome, unless as a guide to his country cousins. This audience is itself a sight worth seeing, tier on tier, spreading out fan-like, and the roar of its applause resembles the roar of a cataract when some special act takes its fancy.

The Madison Square Gardens faces upon the north-east corner of Madison Square, taking up an entire block, and is one of the city's beautiful buildings.

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Built of tawny brick, with arched arcades supported on pillars of polished marble, and surmounted by domes and minarets in the Spanish style, it would be a lovely sight, even without the exquisite tower adapted from the famous *Giralda* of Seville, crowned by the golden Diana made by Saint-Gaudens, who turns to the wind and seems forever about to loose her shining arrow straight at old Boreas. At night this tower is often outlined with electric lights, and seen across the tree-grown square it is always a delight to the eye, though its height has been dwarfed by the Metropolitan's sky-climbing shaft, at the south-east corner of the same square.

The Gardens contains the largest amusement-hall in America, and here are held the horse shows, the bicycle races, the Wild West, and the circus, as well as the big political caucuses. The place is somewhat in the form of a Roman amphitheatre with a huge central space surrounded by tiers of seats. Some of the shows are a lot of fun, and entirely transform the appearance of the hall. During the Sportsman's Show, for instance, the place looks like a wilderness, with Indian tepees in one spot, a pond where swimming and canoe races are held, or where expert fly-fishers cast for prizes in the centre, and camps scattered here and there, with guides, deer, foxes, even a bear or two, not to mention countless heads and skins, filling up the prospect.

Opera in New York is carried on for a long season every year with great magnificence. At the Metropolitan Opera House on Broadway, at Fortieth Street, more great stars have sung in one performance

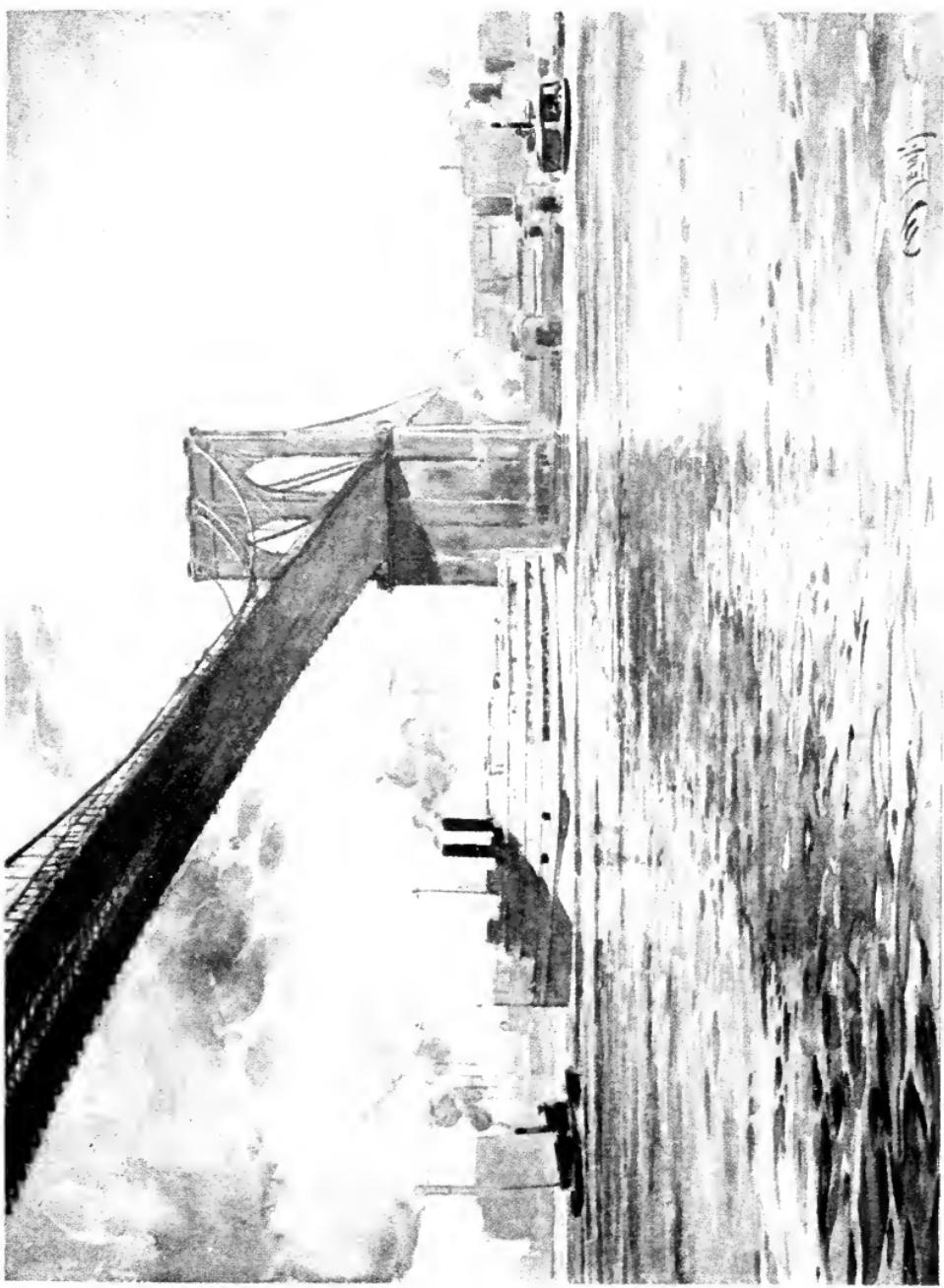
New York

than anywhere else. The house itself has nowhere near the beauty of the Paris Opera, but the auditorium and stage are particularly spacious and fine, and the decorations dignified and harmonious. It will not be long, however, before a new opera house is built, whose architectural beauty will be as great as that of the opera buildings in other world-cities. In the meanwhile the music and the singers are the best there are; and the operas are given with the utmost artistic perfection.

The New Theatre, now in its second year, is the only endowed play-house in New York. A fine stock company produces plays that are thought to be worth while, without special regard to their being money-makers, and every modern device in stage equipment and stage management makes it possible to get effects beyond the reach of other theatres.

In the other play-houses the rule is long runs and the star system, and a bad play that attracts the crowd will be held on the boards, while good ones have to wait or often get no chance at all. But at the New Theatre there is constant change of bill, and its company is trained with a regard for general excellence and perfection of detail. The New Theatre is a handsome structure of stone, with a columned façade facing Central Park on the west side, and within, the foyer, the tea and lounging rooms, and promenades and stairways, are beautiful and convenient. Unluckily, the auditorium has not been an unqualified success, and various changes have been or are to be made in it.

Besides these special places, and many others for



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New York to amuse itself in, according to American ways and speech, there are a number of theatres where the city's foreign population goes to see and hear plays in any of half a dozen different languages, or to enjoy melodramas of what are called the "ten, twenty, thirty" variety, since not more than thirty cents is charged for any seat. At the Yiddish theatre, on the lower east side, one may see really fine acting, and several players who have since made worldwide reputations began their careers in that unpretentious place. There was a Chinese theatre, but it has been closed. One of the sights of the town was to go to one of its extraordinary representations, where the pigtailed audience invariably sat on the backs of the chairs, with their feet on the seats, and where the plays were so long that they were continued from night to night for weeks.

The Italians have their marionette shows, that are worth the trouble of being thoroughly uncomfortable in order to see, since they are acted with great cleverness. But the room is insufferably hot and ill-ventilated, while the prevailing odour of garlic cannot be beaten in Naples itself. The Italian population in New York is as large as or larger than that of Rome, and the local colour is quite perfect.

* * * * *

New York is the home of the big department store, where you can buy anything you need from the cradle to the grave, and a vast deal no one ever needs, but which everyone keeps on buying. These stores are often splendid buildings, occupying entire blocks and running many stories into the air. They have whole

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floors devoted to furniture, to ready-made clothing, to crockery and tinware, to flowers and plants, toys, pet animals, groceries and meats, and fruit. You can furnish your house and dress yourself, get your household supplies, have a shampoo, a manicure, write your letters, hear a concert, do your banking, and eat your dinner, without leaving one of these shops. There are even dentists and oculists ready to serve you. Of course, there are lifts to the various floors, and besides that, there are usually escalators, or moving stairways, to aid in getting the crowds about.

At the other extreme from these enormous places are the small shops along Fifth Avenue where special and high-priced articles are kept, and also the hosts of little dealers along the poorer avenues and streets. And between these two are the finer dry-goods shops, such as Altman's, Best's, and McCreery's, on or near the Avenue, buildings of marble and white stone, beautiful architecturally and with the most careful appointments inside to make them agreeable and convenient to their customers. Tiffany, the famous jeweller, also has his marble building here, as much of a decoration to Fifth Avenue as is one of his brooches to the costume of a woman.

More than one of New York's hotels are world-famous. First among these is probably the Waldorf-Astoria, standing on Fifth Avenue on the whole block between Thirty-Third and Thirty-Fourth Streets. It was built before the present fashion of using light-coloured stone and simple lines came to town, and is rather fussy, in the German Renaissance style, although the warm

Shops, Theatres, Hotels

terra-cotta tones of the red sandstone of which it is constructed make an agreeable effect in contrast to the cool greys and creams of the buildings near it. The Waldorf is said to be the largest hotel in the world, and has accommodation for 14,000 or 15,000 persons, with forty public rooms. It is always full. Moreover, its foyer has become noted for its gay crowd, and has been nicknamed Peacock Alley. It is very amusing to sit in one of the capacious chairs in this alley and watch the fashionably-clothed men and women loitering up and down, chatting in groups, spreading their fine plumage under its sparkling lights. Few New Yorkers are among them, but the West and South, and travellers from oversea with money to spend, are here in their hundreds. French and Italian attachés on their way to or from Washington, famous singers and actresses, Senators, English tourists, business men, smart club-women—all meet and mingle here in Peacock Alley, or in the smoking and lounging rooms or restaurants adjoining it.

One of the city's most beautiful buildings is the Plaza Hotel, on Fifty-Ninth Street. It stands practically alone in the large space lent by the Plaza in front of it and Central Park at the side, so that its superb proportions can be adequately appreciated. Twenty stories high, a pale cream in tint, with its pinnacled and turreted roof of a soft and mossy green, occupying the entire block from Fifty-Eighth to Fifty-Ninth Streets, it strikes the beholder with a strong sense of serenity, of lofty completeness, and awakens a new idea of architectural harmony. At night, with its myriad

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windows lighted to all its great height and mingling with the sky, it is an unforgettable sight, seeming almost a miracle.

Some of New York's old hostelries still survive, notably the Brevoort on lower Fifth Avenue, more like a London hotel in its comfortable, composed way than an American place, and the Astor House on lower Broadway, identified with a past day, but still popular with old New Yorkers, and famous for its lobsters. The dignified Holland House remains one of the city's most select and quiet hotels, and there are many more.

But the up-town march of business has swept most of the old buildings away, and the new ones tend to the sky-scraper habit, lifting their walls higher and higher as the space they stand upon becomes more valuable. One of the very newest is the Ritz Carlton, under English management, only just thrown open to the public. Here there is a mingling of the characteristics of both the English and American ideas in hotels, and the building is a particularly handsome one.

A special sort of amusement-place in New York has developed from the heat of the summer climate and from the large roof-space belonging to many of the hotels and theatres. As soon as June comes in gardens are opened on these roofs, bowers of palms and plants, with tables and chairs set among them, and usually a stage at one end for vaudeville acts, besides the inevitable orchestra. In the hot nights New York comes to these high and cool places to eat and drink, and to gaze upon the latest dancer from Paris or

Other Buildings, Churches, and Statues

something else equally entertaining. The lights in these roof-gardens are softly shaded, a breeze is always to be found there, and there is no more attractive spot in town than one of these fragrant places, far removed from the dust and tumult of the street.

CHAPTER XI

OTHER BUILDINGS, CHURCHES, AND STATUES

IN addition to the various places I have described in the course of this story of a city, there are a few more you should know about, and which would certainly be pointed out to you if you went sight-seeing on top of one of the big "Seeing New York" automobiles, that travel all over the town, accompanied by a guide with a megaphone, who indicates everything worth indicating and keeps up a running fire of remarks on each point of interest he passes.

Beginning way down at the Battery, on the edge of the sea-wall, is the Aquarium, an odd little circular building that, in the war of 1812, between England and the United States, was called Fort Clinton, and was one of the defences of the harbour. It stood on an island then, but the space between it and the mainland has long been filled in.

When it was no longer required for a fort, it was turned into an amusement-place and renamed Castle Garden. Opera was given there, and Jenny Lind made

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her American début there in 1850, under the management of P. T. Barnum. Large municipal receptions were also held at Castle Garden, and among others Lafayette and Kossuth, as well as the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII., had balls given here in their honour. Later on, it was in this building that Morse proved the practicability of his invention of the telegraph.

Later still, between 1855 and 1870, Castle Garden was the immigrant bureau, and handled the inflowing stream of new-comers, as Ellis Island does now. So you see the sturdy stone building has known a lot of changes. Now it is the public aquarium, full of tanks and glass boxes, large and small, in which dwell the strange creatures of the sea, from sharks down to the little rainbow-hued paradise fish from Bermuda.

Another historical building is Fraunces' Tavern, some distance north, on Pearl and Broad Streets, in the old part of the town. It was built in 1700, and has been used as a tavern ever since. It is a quaint little house of wood, and has been restored by a patriotic society for the sake of the Long Room upstairs, where, after the Revolution was over, in 1783, Washington took leave of his aides and officers and returned to private life. This room is now filled with historic relics and revolutionary letters and manuscripts, arranged in a permanent exhibition ; but downstairs the tavern continues as a place of refreshment for the business man of to-day, as it was for his predecessor these many years gone.

Another old-timer is the City Hall, in City Hall Park, near the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge and opposite

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the Post Office. This little park is the one green spot in that busy section of town, and is as pretty as a bouquet of flowers in an office. To the east is Newspaper Row, so called because the offices of all the great dailies were once situated there, and because the newspaper life of the city centres there. Here is the big *World* Building, with its golden dome, illuminated at night, and the *Tribune* Building, with a statue of Horace Greeley, who founded the paper, in front of it. Here is the *Sun*, in what was once the Tammany Hall Building, and the *American*. Tammany Hall is a political society in the city, very powerful, and having its headquarters nowadays in Fourteenth Street. The *Herald* and the *Times* have moved up-town into new buildings, the *Herald* in a long two-story structure in the style of the early Italian Renaissance, with colonnades that allow the public a full view of the paper in process of printing. You can stand there and watch the mighty presses at work, the largest turning out 5,000 four-page papers a minute—printed, pasted, cut, folded, and numbered. The *Times* is a twenty-five-story building, connecting below with the subway, the paper occupying the top floors and renting those beneath.

But to come back to the City Hall. It looks very small nowadays beside its gigantic neighbours, but it is an exquisite little building in the classic style, with pillars and a central tower, built in 1812. The city's business has long outgrown it, however, and before long it will have to give up its function to a sky-scraper that is to be erected close at hand. The old building

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is to remain in the centre of its little park, an historic landmark and museum for city records and old prints, a white and dainty reminder of the old days.

You may wander about this part of the city a long while, seeing new and interesting things. Here is the Produce Exchange, a noble structure in brick and terracotta, on whose long tables are displayed samples of the produce from the entire country—all the grains in shining heaps, flour, oil, provisions of all kinds. At one end of the building is what is called the wheat pit, where the great transactions in grain are carried on. Not far away is the Stock Exchange, the greatest market on earth for stocks, bonds, and securities. It is a really thrilling sight to see the opening at ten o'clock every working day. As the clang of the bell announces that the trading-hour has struck, perfect pandemonium breaks out on the floor: men shout and gesticulate and rush hither and thither, grabbing each other with what looks like real ferocity; messenger-boys dart in and out; the automatic numbers on the wall change constantly; and in the apparently reasonless racket and flurry that go on ceaselessly you could more easily fancy yourself in a madhouse than among men transacting business.

A building that takes the eye in this part of the town is the temple-like Clearing House, with its dome and lofty arches. Also the Treasury, second only to the one at Washington, the Capital of the Nation, solid and enduring as the living rock upon which it is built. Before it stands a fine statue of Washington, in the precise spot where stood the living Washington on



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April 30, 1789, and took the oath as first President of the United States. And the new Customs House is worth a long look, a stately building but lately finished, and decorated with symbolic groups in marble by America's foremost sculptors.

New York has two great museums, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History. Neither of these is completely finished, as wings are still building. One of them is on the west, the other on the east, side of Central Park, and between the two you can see a fine collection of pictures, statues, arts and crafts specimens of every kind, and of anthropology in all its branches, geological specimens, stuffed animals and birds (beautifully mounted and grouped to represent life), insects, skeletons, and everything relating to art or to natural history.

New York has a fine public library system, with branches all over the city, where there are good reading-rooms, and whence books may be taken home after proper references have been given. The new Public Library on Fifth Avenue is not yet completed, and will probably not be open to the public before May, 1911. It is one of the most beautiful buildings in America, in the Greek style, of marble, and, so far as the arrangements inside go, it will be the most complete library in the world, every modern invention for the storing and the quick delivery of books being employed, the convenience and comfort of the readers having been sought in all particulars.

Cooper Union is another of the city's interesting institutions. It was given by Peter Cooper in 1859 as

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a night-school for young people who had to work by day, but gifts from other philanthropists have made it possible to hold day-classes also. The sciences and arts are taught free, and there is a free library ; there are classes in stenography and typewriting and business, with free lectures on countless subjects every Wednesday and Saturday evening. Lincoln has spoken in the great general hall, as well as many other of America's famous orators.

Among New York's interesting churches are Trinity and St. Paul's, both dating from colonial days, and situated in the business part of the city. When they were built, their slender spires rose high above the surrounding houses, and green fields and trees encircled them. Now the roaring office buildings tower far above the crosses that surmount them, and the city's mighty traffic rolls close to their walls. Clustered about both these old churches are the graves of the earliest citizens, with quaint inscriptions on the worn stones. Washington worshipped in St. Paul's, and his pew is still shown to visitors. Trinity has a fine chime, and it is a regular custom on New Year's Eve to hear these rung on the stroke of midnight, the crowds jamming lower Broadway at that time being truly fearful.

Farther up is Grace Church, a lovely Gothic building, with its rectory and garden, in which stands a large terra-cotta vase, dug up in Rome. The Church of the Transfiguration, on Twenty-Ninth Street, also gains much in beauty from having a garden. This place is popularly known as the Little Church Round the

Other Buildings, Churches, and Statues

Corner, and it got its name rather oddly. It seems that Joseph Jefferson, the well-known actor, went to a big church on Madison Avenue to see about the funeral of Holland, a brother-actor. The pastor told him he could not hold services over the body of a player. "But there is a little church round the corner you might go to," he added. Jefferson went, and since then the Transfiguration has been the favourite church for actors in the city, while its nickname has entirely taken the place of its name in popular use.

St. Patrick's Cathedral is the largest and most beautiful church in America. It is Roman Catholic, and stands on Fifth Avenue, on the block between Fiftieth and Fifty-First Streets. It is built in the Decorated Gothic style, with twin steeples, of white marble, and is approached by broad flights of steps and terraces of grass.

These, then, are glimpses of some of New York's various buildings. Her statues are, with few exceptions, poor specimens of art, although she has some very fine ones. Notable among these are the Admiral Farragut, on Madison Square; the gilded General Sherman on horseback, preceded by a figure of Victory, at the Plaza; and the Diana of the Madison Square Tower—all by Saint-Gaudens. Bartholdi's General Lafayette; MacMonnies' Nathan Hale, in City Hall Park; the Crouching Panther, by Edward Kemeys, in Central Park; and several groups and figures on the new buildings, are also fine works of art. It is only lately that New York has begun to realize the importance of art, and the care required to secure the best.

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It is to be hoped that she will gradually remove what is bad, and take at least as much pains with her ornaments as she does with her buildings.

CHAPTER XII

IMPRESSIONS

ANY account of a great city that is not a mere mass of statistics must be more or less just a series of impressions, an endeavour to make the reader feel the place, to let him see what the citizen sees as he goes his usual way.

Here, then, are a few pictures of the city day by day.

Madison Square on a snowy December evening: Everything is white; the snow clings to the trees and lies in broad sheets on the lawns, and the air is fluffy with the falling flakes. Fifth Avenue looks like a wide ribbon of silver and pearl, fading into mist at either end. South, the Flatiron Building, with all its hundreds of windows alight, appears to advance upon you through the storm; at its foot a dazzle of electric lamps, where the Avenue and Broadway are crossed by Twenty-Third Street. The air is bracing, brisk with the ozone of the snow. Across the white trees the white Metropolitan tower lifts its illuminated shaft, the torch that crowns it looking impossibly high. Even as you gaze at it, it is suddenly extinguished. There is a pause, then it shows four red flashes; another interval, and the white light appears again—disappears—six times. Then a

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moment's darkness and the light resumes its steadfast shining. It is six o'clock, and the great bells that chime the hours and quarters all day have yielded to the electric beacon that takes their place at night, to be seen but not heard, so that no sleepers will be disturbed.

Everywhere people—laughing, chatting, carrying bundles, powdered with snow, struggling with umbrellas, as they catch the gale that sweeps down from the cliff-like walls of the Flatiron. Cabs, sleighs, motors, and the huge green buses crowd the roadway. Near at hand half a dozen boys are tumbling and playing in the soft snow, with shrieks and cat-calls. A Salvation Army lassie stands at a corner by an iron pot suspended from a tripod, with a sign over it "Keep the Pot Boiling." A pretty girl in rich furs, leading a little dog, who is shivering under his blanket, drops a silver piece into the pot and nods, smiling, to the lassie's "God bless you!" Men free of the day's business are tramping up the Avenue by twos and threes, still talking over the affairs of the past hours. The noise of the streets is hushed by the muffling blanket that has fallen, and street-cleaners in their yellowish - white uniforms are already engaged in removing it. The lights everywhere are reflected by the snow-flakes, and the whole city gleams and glistens softly. An Italian, selling holly from a little hand-cart, shouts cheerily, and a group of working-men, repairing a part of the street, hang out red lamps that cast a ruddy glare on the snow and up into their faces. There is a sparkle and a dash to it all ;

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everybody seems in a good humour and in a hurry at the same time. A horse slips and falls, and immediately a crowd collects, and a mounted policeman appears. The huge helpless creature struggles frantically till someone sits on its head. Ashes are brought and sprinkled on the pavement, and presently it is up again, and the crowd melts away while it is being reharnessed and the driver is talking it over with the policeman. And all the while the thick white flakes are falling steadily.

Or it is May Day in Central Park. All over the wide stretches of grass are May parties, with their flower- and ribbon-decorated poles, the little boys in their best suits, the girls in white, with sashes and hair-bows as gay as possible. They are all of them dancing and playing ; there are songs, and the teachers and mothers are extremely busy seeing that it all goes off well. The young foliage and the flowering shrubs are at their loveliest ; the grass is greener than anything ever was, and the sheep upon it, with their lambs at their sides, are enjoying it thoroughly. Big grey squirrels feed out of the little hands stretched towards them by the children, and in the branches birds are singing and building, as though it were the real country, and not just a slice out of the city—this lovely stretch of hills and meadows, lake and wood. On a big shallow pond farther up boys are sailing little vessels of every description—some taller than the owners, with a great spread of snowy sail ; others the tiniest bits of things. Paths winding under arched trellises, covered with wistaria and sweet with

Impressions

lilac, lead in various directions, and on the driveways a constant stream of carriages and motors slips by, while horseback riders trot along the bridle-paths. Elsewhere boys are playing baseball, and the tennis-courts are full, while crowds sit near to watch the play. Unending baby-carriages, watched over by neat maids and nurses, pass back and forth on all the walks, or linger at the edge of the lakes to see the swans and ducks swimming about. The brilliant sun falls warmly through the mesh of leaves, and the soft breeze is sweet with the smell of young bloom.

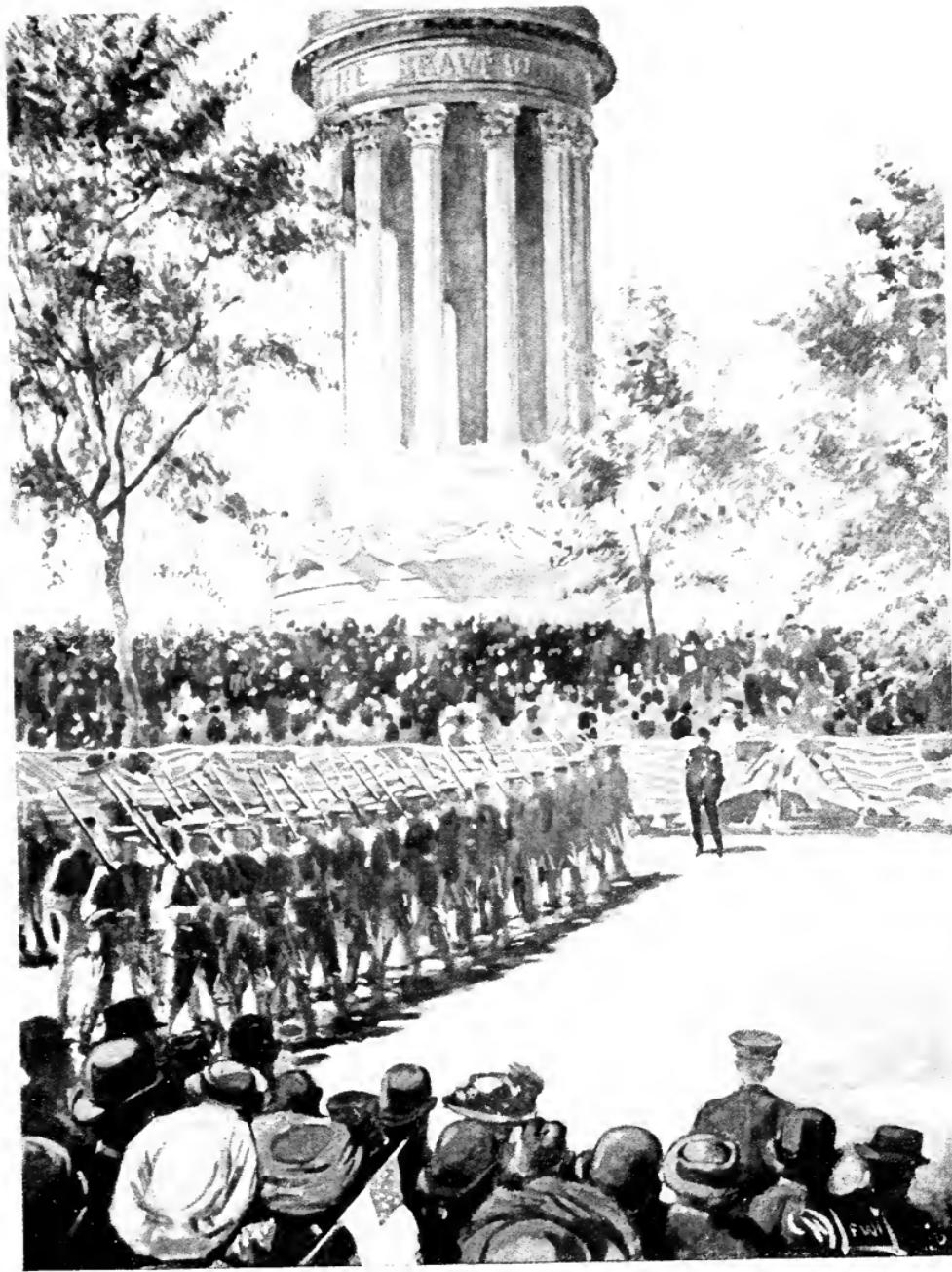
Or perhaps it is late of a Saturday afternoon down on the East Side, and the push-cart market is in full swing. Dark, foreign-looking men, women and children are packed closely on the sidewalks, and spill numerously over into the middle of the street. An intolerable noise of bargaining fills the ears ; arms swing wildly ; people push and struggle. Every imaginable thing is heaped on the various carts : articles of dress—furs, hats, shoes ; everything to eat, cooked and raw—shining fish, chickens, vegetables, fruits, sausages. There are nicknacks of all kinds, as well as imitation jewellery, crockery, bedding, pots and pans. Young couples are flirting—the girls in enormous hats and cheap finery—the men in derbies and “store clothes,” as they call the hand-me-downs, or ready-to-wear suits, and smoking large cigars or cigarettes. Fat old women waddle through the press, shouldering everyone out of their way, dressed in bumpy garments, with shawls over their heads and carrying market-baskets. A group of children are dancing in the middle of the

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street to the rag-time tune of a hand-organ. As it gets dark, flaring torches are lighted by the push-cart vendors, throwing queer shadows as the wind blows the smoky flame. It might be a Polish city scene, but it is just as much New York as the theatre crowd pouring out into Broadway far up-town.

Then, there is Brooklyn Bridge about five-thirty in the afternoon, just as the workers are hurrying home to Brooklyn from their day's toil in Lower Manhattan. A veritable ocean of humanity is flowing steadily, irresistibly across City Hall Park, along Park Row, down from the elevated stations and upward from the subway exits, all toward the bridge-entrances, in order to board the trains and cars that run across it, or else making for the promenade if they intend to walk across the river—a walk of about a mile from one end of the bridge to the other. The view up and down stream during this walk is glorious, down across the harbour and the end of Manhattan Island, with all its myriad lights, and up to the other big bridges that span the river one beyond another.

On the platforms and in the trains the crowds are terrific, equalling those in the subway. Caught in this tide of home-goers, you are swept along helplessly, and fairly lifted into the car that stops but a minute to load up with its human freight, and speeds away to make room for another. People have been crushed to death on this bridge or swept off the platforms under the wheels of the trains; but the new bridges have somewhat relieved the pressure. Over Brooklyn Bridge alone, however, 250,000 persons pass every



THE BRAVE

Impressions

day, and when you realize that most of these want to cross at the rush hours, it is easy to imagine that the crush must be severe.

Or, another picture: Thundering down the street comes the fire-engine, its bells clanging hoarsely, its three mighty horses at a gallop, the men hanging on anyhow, getting the last buttons of their uniforms snapped into place and pulling on their helmets. The driver steers his way through the crowded street with marvellous skill, the traffic-police stopping the carts and carriages and cars, and people standing to look, or even following at a run if the fire is within reach. Behind comes the hook and ladder, whirling miraculously around corners, and where the fire is a big one the fire chief, in his red automobile, passes like a fiend, gone before you fairly see him.

The New York Fire Service is the best in the world, and no pains are spared with it. There is a fire college, where the most modern methods of fighting fire are taught, and where the men learn how to fight the dangers of the city's immense electric and gas wires and mains; also, how to use the new high-pressure water-power, with its capacity for throwing a stream of water even to the top of the sky-scrappers through enormous hose, and everything else possible in regard to their profession.

A visit to an engine-house during a fire-alarm is a thrilling experience. The men sleep over the engine-room, in a chamber that is connected to the room below by circular openings, having a pole running up through the centre. When the alarm sounds, the men spring

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from their beds into their boots, that are attached to their trousers and placed ready at the bedside. Grasping their coats and helmets, they slip down the poles to their places on the engine. In the meanwhile the same alarm has automatically released the horses, who immediately gallop to their places in the shafts. The harness is suspended above them, and falls at a touch from the guard who is on watch below. Another snap or two, and it is fastened upon the horses, and in less time than you can think of, a few seconds after the first note sounded by the alarm, the engine is off on its mission.

I have given you a glimpse of the subway crowds, but the system itself is worth seeing. The stations are large and airy, decorated with shining white tiles and mosaic patterns in colour, and brilliantly lighted with electricity. The trains move very fast, and there are practically no changes required. One may travel from the Borough Hall in Brooklyn, under the East River and the whole of Manhattan, under the Harlem River, and out on the elevated part of the road in the Bronx as far as Two-Hundred-and-Fiftieth Street, a distance of about fifteen miles, without change of cars and for the single fare of five cents, or twopence-halfpenny. Moreover, if you choose to return without leaving the last station you may travel the whole way without paying another fare.

The tubes under the Hudson are differently constructed, and not so noisy as the subway, since the trains are run in separate tubes each way, and do not pass each other in the same tunnel, as in the subway.

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The cars are of steel, with concrete floors, and are fire-proof. After you get out of the tube trains you have to walk some distance to the Jersey stations, and this walk is through a long passage walled with white tiles, having lights set in the low, arched roof. As you walk along the passage curves out of sight, and it is for all the world like the passage along which Alice in Wonderland followed the White Rabbit. You would not be a bit surprised to see him hurrying along in front of you, looking at his watch and muttering, "I shall be late—I know I shall," which is usually just what you are thinking in regard to yourself.

Another day a parade is going on, and Fifth Avenue is prettily decorated with flags and greens; grand-stands are erected here and there, and every inch of room is crowded with people. First come the mounted police, splendid-looking men, of picked size and strength, on fine horses. They ride like soldiers and keep a perfect alignment. Then the regiments, one by one, with their bands and colours. The music sounds gaily and the march goes by briskly. The crowd looks on silently, for the New York crowd rarely cheers. People lean out of windows and wave handkerchiefs, and the roofs carry their load of onlookers, who peer down into the street. The militia goes by, and usually a detachment of West Point cadets, in their neat grey and white uniforms, moving like clockwork. West Point is the military school of America.

On the pavement vendors squeeze in and out among the crowd, trying to sell their flags and buttons, or perhaps their fruit and peanuts. The sun glints and

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glimmers on arms and accoutrements, on the horses' trappings, on the musical instruments. A detachment of sailors swings along, and proves to be the favourite with everyone. Someone throws confetti from a window, and presently the air is full of it, and of long paper ribbons that fall over the shoulders of the marching men, to the amusement of the waiting throngs. Then along comes the tail of the procession, followed by the crowd, that falls in after it, keeping time to the band. New York is rather given to processions, big ones occurring on St. Patrick's Day, when all the Irish turn out ; on Memorial Day, May 30, a day devoted to the memory of soldiers dead in the wars ; and on July 4, or Independence Day, with many other special ones.

Perhaps one of the unforgettable sights of New York is that to be had on a misty November evening from the deck of one of the New Jersey ferry-boats. Beneath you is the surging water, in which float huge cakes of ice that have come down-stream from the North ; around are other boats of all sizes and shapes, throwing red and green lights on the waves ; and before you, dim and mysterious through the mist, towers the city, glimmering with a million lights. More than anything it resembles a mountain on whose mighty slopes hundreds of little houses have been built. Through the grey fog everything is indistinct and looms larger than reality. The snowy banners of steam escaping over the lofty roofs mingle with the mist, and seem to be white ghosts floating above the turrets and towers, whose illuminated outlines are but faintly indicated.

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Everything is magic, weird, unreal. Nowhere else on earth is there such a sight, and its wonderful beauty falls upon you like a spell.

* * * * *

Huge, and made up of many different nations and materials, unfinished still and raw, growing and changing day by day, pressed by a thousand problems whose solution she must find for herself, since they have only now come into existence, beautiful with a new beauty and ugly with a needless ugliness, New York has much to do and much to learn. Interesting she is, beyond dispute. It is impossible to be indifferent about her ; she is loved or hated by those who know her. Even her little children are quick and sharp beyond what a child should be ; and yet there is a curious ideal touch to her citizens, an imagination, something even romantic. New York will try anything, and believes it can do anything. Art flourishes in the Bohemian quarters and is discussed with an eagerness resembling that of Paris in the funny little French and Italian restaurants that are tucked away in corners and known only to the few. New York holds many shows and offers many prizes, and many a treasure from old lands has found its way into the private and public galleries. The city's politics have been as bad as anything in America, but the time of good government appears to be dawning. In business and commerce New York leads America and the world. In the true knowledge of how to live, in leisure and wide culture, it is far behind the cities of Europe, although in material ease, in the use of all modern inventions, in

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housekeeping improvements and time-saving articles, it far exceeds them.

New York is never depressing. Even the poorest quarters have a cheerfulness about them. The Bowery, which is the lower part of Third Avenue and runs through the poor part of the East Side, is amusing in spite of its poverty, even its wickedness. The Bowery Tough is a type of man who has become famous for a certain wit, quick humour, and courage.

The advancing tide of business and the increasing facilities for getting cheaply to the outlying districts are gradually sweeping away New York's tenements ; but even at their worst and most crowded they have a touch of light-heartedness not found in other great cities. This is partly due to the mixed population, with its leavening of the easy-going Latin races, and partly to the feeling that there is always a chance to do better. A trip through the Italian quarter on one of the festal days is a revelation of the fun even the very poor can take from the simplest sources. All the women and children are so gaily dressed ; there are bands playing and confetti is flying about ; while the religious procession is picturesque in the extreme, and everyone is in the highest of spirits, smiling at you as you pass, offering a flower or a greeting.

And now it is time to stop. In a book like this it is necessary to leave out so much that one can but wonder whether one has succeeded in putting in anything. I hope I have managed to make you all feel that New York is a real place, like, and yet different from, other cities. She is but at the beginning of her

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full development. Even the next ten years will see vast improvements. Her subway system is to be more than doubled ; a huge new Post Office and a whole group of municipal buildings are to be built ; a bridge is planned over the Hudson, and new tunnels under both rivers. She is asking of her citizens a greater regard for harmony and beauty in private enterprise, and is working with a clearer understanding of the needs of the future. Above all, she is growing more honest, and insisting that the men who rule her shall be clean business men with good records.

And New York is like anything or anyone in the world, in the fact that those who dislike her can find plenty to blame, and those to whom she is dear plenty to praise.





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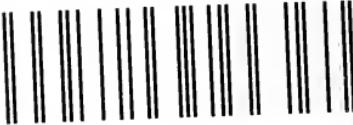


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